

# The Tragic Revolt Against Morals It Had To Come

JEROME PALMER, O. S. B.

**K**NOWINGLY or not one of our prominent American magazines in its June issue carried probably as complete a description of an educational and religious collapse as has ever been published. Side by side are the cause and effect. It is hard to say which is more deplorable. In "Three-Ring Circus for Morons" Albert L. Bell depicts a twelve year educational system "geared to the feeble-minded," where results are measured "not by what a pupil has learned, but by the number of days that he has warmed a seat."

From their arrival at the school in early morning until their departure in late afternoon, the main objective of most of the pupils seems to be to shun lessons and duties and to seek dark holes where they can exchange smutty jokes, obscene pictures, and sexual information. This is not the place to reprint the details found in the article referred to; suffice it to say that they are only too faithfully true to fact as revealed in very many of our high schools. When education is reduced to athletic contests and sleeping courses all day and concerts and social functions all night, our schools are not fulfilling their purpose; they are creating a generation of lazy and shiftless cheaters, spineless and brainless.

And then follows the impious "Case Against Chastity" by a Co-Ed. If the best logicians of all time were to draft a brief of our twentieth century educational fallacies, they could never produce so eloquent a proof as this article. "We are as interested in moral values as the next person, perhaps a little more. We are critical of dishonesty, superficiality, and laziness. Most of us have vigorous personal moral codes which we honestly try to live up to." So says this undergraduate of one of our

largest American universities, who believes that at least 75% of College girls are not virgins and admits that she herself is not.

**R**IGHT after asserting that her professors teach her the technique of thinking she continues: "... we are not promiscuous... The point is important. It is for many of us the difference between immorality and morality... the difference between self-respect and shame." And thinking that her readers are gullible enough she goes on: "We show surprising evidences of strength of character... ours is a virtuous standard, highly critical and frankly disgusted by many of the attitudes and practises of the older generation."

But that isn't yet the worst; "... We don't have much respect for the marriage ceremony itself. We feel that neither God nor our honor is very much concerned with our legal license and the jumbled words which someone mutters to us. It is not this that makes a sex relationship morally right or wrong." And here is the philosophy—the technique of thinking—boldly put: "Since most of us look on the sex drive as a physical drive comparable to hunger, a drive that needs satisfaction, we feel that we may relieve that need without lowering our moral standards." To quote more is not necessary.

**E**VIDENTLY this young Miss feels that she has told her elders a few things they should have known decades ago. As spokesman for her 75% she has given ample proof of the stupidity of a Freudian education. She has certainly shown that the "technique of thinking" alone is far from sufficient. A set of perfect teeth and a sound gastronomic system can be brought to grief if the

owner has not been taught to discriminate between food for humans and food for vultures. This Co-Ed has discarded the Ten Commandments "along with the belief that 'night air' is bad for one." She does not know that God's law is eternal and that the present generation, so important in her estimation, is just a passing second in the eternal present. She does not know because she has never been taught. Religion was debunked long ago and exiled from our educational (?) sanctums.

**S**O WHAT? That is the sad part about it. So nothing! Once you could appeal to decency, to self-respect, to shame. But not anymore. Decency and adultery are not incompatible. Self-respect and shame are repressions of emotional life that will bring on neurosis. In abstinence and self-control "we have seen the disastrous consequences in the lives of many people because of incomplete and unsatisfactory sexual adjustment." And now we are going to rid the world of the insane, neurotics, and feeble-minded by blazing the way to sexual license and bestial looseness of morals. Poor old Brother Petroc was fortunate not to wake up in an American high school.

Parents, save your children! If they are in high school they need guidance and watching. Chaperons may belong to a past generation, but they are a venerable relic worthy of restoration. See that your children frequent the sacraments. Make home delightful for them so that their friends will enjoy visiting there rather than in the back seat of the automobile. And you who are blessed with an incipient vocation to the priesthood in your family, try to realize what slight chance there is for that vocation to live in a modern high school atmosphere.

# Wayward WILBUR

by MALO TOPMILLER

(A TRUMP STORY)

**W**ILBUR TRUMP had finally reached that majority which had required fifteen candles on his birthday cake, and somehow he had slipped, almost unnoticed, into that rank and file of young men who drag themselves from place to place so leisurely that even the grass under their feet has never been known to complain. After fifteen years in which to learn better, he had very definitely caught the spirit of it all and had become a charter member of that crowd which sees to it that the corner drug-store looks like a very busy place on all nights of the week. Consequently, regular customers at Clory's were becoming familiar with what seemed to be permanent fixtures that leaned like front-covers against the magazine rack and performed like cisterns at the long marble soda fountain.

Not being a regular customer at Clory's, it took Mr. Trump the greater part of Wilbur's fifteenth year to measure the distance between the two points that kept his son so geometrically outside the family circle. A great surprise overtook him when he first realized that, as far as the Trump family was concerned, Pius XI had wasted ink and a perfectly good encyclical.

Mrs. Willsway demonstrated what she had intended to be an expression of matronly horror when she entered Clory's one night to forget what she had come after. So vaudeville was Clory's presentation of slouching youths and loud laughter that the socially minded matron permitted no obstacle to hinder her from disclosing what she was convinced the common good was deplorably unaware of. So, after she had made the rounds and

at last presented herself before the Trump Bar of Justice, it was a well rehearsed witness that presented her case. The Trumps were intensely interested, and Mr. Trump displayed much confusion by his lion-in-the-cage manner of getting nowhere on two legs. To the lion in the cage Mrs. Willsway threw some meat for thought in the form of a few additions that were not in the original, but served well to make the whole a perfectly scandalous affair. Between her long paragraphs and quick gasps for breath the Trumps could manage to squeeze in an approving "Yes, go on"—but that was all!

All the while, Grandmother Trump stood in the back scenery and waited until Mrs. Willsway had pulled curtains and gone off stage. When at last the Trumps were alone and be-



side themselves with benumbment, she came from backstage and cued in:

"If that don't get your angora! That old girl's always on the ground floor."

"That's getting quite around the point, Mother," began Mr. Trump, who was showing new signs of ebullition. "Never mind about the old girl. It's Wilbur we must consider."

"And that's just it!" began Grandmother anew. "I warned you last fall that it was time you did something to direct Wilbur's entertainment instincts along safer lines. I talked about social-room-in-the-basement until I was blue in the face! Did anything come of it?"

"Oh, Grandmother!" exclaimed Mrs. Trump. "Tom isn't all at fault. I think we've all been asleep."

"Well," came back Grandmother, "you can be sure it's not pharmacy he's learning down there!"

"And whatever it is, he's being graduated to-night," bellowed Mr. Trump with determination, as he dashed into the hall that leads to the front door, and jerked off his hat from the top of a figure that looked very much like himself dressed to go out.

"That won't do, Tom," said Grandmother. "You'd spoil everything. Wait till the boy gets home."

"Yes, Tom," said Mrs. Trump, "if you embarrass him in front of his friends, you'll ruin everything."

"You women!" exclaimed Mr. Trump, who was Mr. Fahrenheit 212° in the shade. "One minute you talk this way, and the next you talk that way! Make up your minds, will you?"

"It only stands to reason," informed Grandmother. "He's just at the age you were, Tom, when your Father took the hickory and went to the blacksmith and got there just when you were showing the boys how high you could lift an anvil with one hand. I don't think you ever got over it."

Mr. Trump moved over to his favorite chair and let himself go down with the springs. There were many people in the world who would spring on his back down a dark alley, but it took his own family to stand in front of him and knock him down

for a cigar. Anything he had ever suggested under his own roof and mortgage had first to be turned over and fried on both sides so that the family skillet could throw it out as overdone. The time had come when he should put his house in order.

Mr. Trump thought violently. He permitted long furrows to plow deep into his forehead, planted seed for thought therein, covered them with the thickness of his hand, rearranged them into a mental harvest, and then dried up like Kansas. Nothing worth considering would come, it seemed, nothing—and just when everything depended on anything!

Then calmly, like the first glow of the aurora, it began to dawn upon him. Slowly, his face brightened into a noonday smile, and with an assurance that comes not with night-fall he arose and demanded:

"Martha, where's my last Easter suit?... Yes, the one I bought, and you hid."

"Not that loud—"

"Yes, that loud checked thing! And even if it's so loud it shouts, I want it!"

"Something tells me—" began Grandmother, lifting a hand to her chin, which always means that what is to follow should go down in the minutes: "Something tells me he's plotting again, Martha!"

"And Tommy's turtle-neck sweater, too. Get that!"

"But, Tom, you're too big, and—" "Get it."

Hesitatingly, Mrs. Trump went getting.

With a swell of satisfaction at seeing his house put again in the order of moving fast when he bellows, Mr. Trump strutted in the direction of the common telephone, and in his movements Grandmother saw Wilbur in his first pair of long pants.

Mr. Trump lifted the receiver, coughed indignantly, dialed accurately, and waited for results:

"Hello, Stud!" he said with a snarl. "Gotcha man dis tame. He's all sewed up tighter'n the Foist Nashnal!"

Grandmother jumped high. "Martha!... Martha!" she shouted. "Quick, it's gone to his mind!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Trump. "Didn't know me, eh, Clory? Well,

it's Trump, and I can't blame you. I scared my own Mother."

"And just why should you scare your own Mother?" inquired Mr. Clory. "No, I don't follow you! And I don't think you're funny!"

Mr. Clory drew the receiver closer and stuck his finger into the coin-return-here with disappointment. "But why rob my store?" he asked. "Answer me, Trump. Why rob my store?... But, I say, why rob— Say, have you had a drink!... No, I don't want a plot... I don't care what the reason is... But why rob—I won't have a plot... I won't listen!... What?... But... but... but... but."

With evident defeat Mr. Clory pulled his foot into the telephone-booth, and the door closed after it with a bang that shut off the loud goings-on in the store; in this position he found himself able to understand the sorry plot coming from Mr. Trump. In the same sorry plot Mr. Clory smelled an elephant big enough to walk all over him, while the stuffy booth only served to confirm his suspicion that his role in the plot was that of an incased mummy destined to be the curiosity of future generations.

BY THIS time, the loud noise had moved soda-fountain-ward. Behind the slick marble was Jostle Joe, who had an *H* in his breathing, an investment of one leg and the better part of his hearing in our past struggle for democracy, and who, as a token for valor, had received a job from Clory.

"What'll ye hab, goils?" said Jostle.

"Two chocolates," said Pinky, who could make double-dips and thick syrups look like so much nothing.

"Lemon," said Pete.

"Same with the rind," added Scoffer.

"Ripe cherries over what's left," grumbled Foxie.

"And, my good Wilburhead, what'll ye hab?" said Jostle Joe with a courtesy.

"Breakfast!" said Wilbur.

"O. K., but hit be a little early, don't ye think yes? Jes' what type o' tray ye prefer, Laddie?"

Wilbur twisted his face in an effort to resemble what he preferred:

"Draw one in the dark on some sinkers," he ordered.

"In the dark she is," assured Jostle.

With the slight of hand of a magician, Jostle Joe uncovered a closely shorn head and suspended the greasy covering in mid-air. From out of a big jar he took something and threw it into the hat with the ease of a big league catcher warming up. In the meanwhile, a mug of coffee from somewhere slid all the length of the long counter and halted before Wilbur's opened mouth. The hat turned over, and a pair of doughnuts bicycled their way down the marble avenue and parked beside the coffee.

"Eellogofusciohipoppokunurious!" exclaimed Wilbur, who was pouring off the mere skim of his knowledge and not spilling a drop.

"What?" said Jostle.

"Flippercanorious," minimized Wilbur.

"Which!" came in the chorus.

"Humgumptious," explained Wilbur.

"Aw, he can't do it again!" said Scoffer.

"Who can't? Eellogofusciohipoppokinurious!!" came back Wilbur. "Who can't do it again? Eellogo—"

"What's the matter, Laddie, don't ye like hit no?" broke in Jostle Joe, turning to see Mr. Clory stagger out of the telephone-booth. But the lubrication that Wilbur ministered to the doughy wheels, and the smile that accompanied each emersion went to point out to Jostle that the previously demonstrated vocabulary represented rather a language of sale-talk than a new form of picketing....

Just what the language meant that came wire-way to Mr. Clory, the latter could not decide. But it did seem near to certainty to say that the taxpayers were no longer feeding and clothing a free country. If the latter opinion leaked truth, it was, at least, around-the-corner from-certainty to say that the whole country didn't have a shirt on its back. Things had finally gone to such extremes that people were not only bold about robbing a man, but they even went so far as to call him up and make an appointment.

DURING the next fifteen minutes, Clory divided his time between counting the money in the cash-register and casting quick glances at the door. The effort that Mr. Trump had made to explain that the plot carried with it no damage nor personal injury to Mr. Clory, but only a lesson to the younger generation, merely confused Mr. Clory all the more. In the whole farcical plot, the druggist could only make out a prescription that called for a straight-jacket or a sudden rebalance of powers.

Suddenly, the door attracted his sixth sense and made him look up from Abe Lincoln, who in turn, looked up at him from dollar bills. There, framed in the doorway, was a masterpiece of art by disguise. Looking smaller than usual, almost a Lenten Fast and Vigil lighter in weight, stood what Mr. Clory presumed was That Trump Person.

"Op wid yer clams, ya mugs!" came the command.

Five stools turned suddenly, while five elbows turned to tip off four sodas and a cup of black coffee and send them on the run. Ten accommodating hands dug into the air up to their shoulders.

"Youse Keeds git over to da wall an' look at it, gitme?"

"Yes, Mam—! No, Sir!" said Foxie with a kangaroo hustle.

The Public Enemy went over to Mr. Clory. "Don't try ta spring, ya Goofer! Now, where's da can? Come on!"

"Not so dramatic, Trump," squeezed out the crease of Mr. Clory's pinched mouth. "Anyone can see you're overacting."

A suspicious eye closed in the socket of the black mask that hid his face. "Call me a Trump, will ya?" said the Public Enemy, breathing closer. "What's it mean?"

Mr. Clory took in the breath and gave it out again: "So, you have been drinking! Trump, I'm not going to let you make a fool out of me any longer. I'm calling the police!"

Two quick shots rang out and studded the mirror behind Mr. Clory. Clory's Drug-Store suddenly became many jangled nerves that ran up and down as many chilled spines, while



WILBUR UNFOLDED THE MORNING PAPER HE HAD WITH HIM, AND MR. TRUMP COULD NOT DECIDE WHICH WAS JUMPING—THE PAPER OR HIS HEAD.



Mr. Clory himself suffered a loss of blood from his head and feet.

The Public Enemy lost no time. As had the gun, he turned toward Mr. Clory and the cash-register, rang up a No Sale, with one skilled hand cleaned it out, and moved back-first and gun-last toward the door.

Just to make the evening worth a million and full to the gills with the unexpected, the doorway again became the framework that introduced another prowler whose very costume and make-up shrieked "Mardi Gras!" Boldly, and as daring as a new hat fresh from Paris, stood a decorated individual, whose trousers were covered with loud checks of yellow and brown which fairly out-noised his shaking knees, and whose turtle-neck sweater, annoyingly gripping at too large a neck like a cutting pipe-wrench, made the business of piping air a difficult necessity. In addition, Public Enemy Number Two bore a shot-gun of such worth, that it looked as though it had walked right out of the National Museum.

When Public Enemy Number Two had fully taken in the scene before him and realized that the figure, masked like himself, and backing in his general direction, was an unwelcomed customer at Clory's and most likely making way with all the week's profits, an instinctive something in his hands made them grip the long barrel of the shot-gun and raise it protestingly poised high in the air.

"Look out, Trump!" shouted Mr. Clory, who little realized that it was all that was needed to cause the poised object to come down crashing upon the head in its way.

"Ugh—" said the head with finality.

In a glance, Mr. Clory ran his eyes over the possibilities within arm's reach and from the assortment of his more inexpensive wares, he chose a 32 ounce, glass jar of "Malty Drink." Without the ordinary wind-up, he aimed the missile at Public Enemy Number Two, who still stared at the prostrated figure at his feet; and the jar went head-ward with such accuracy that the thud caused five wall-flowers to turn in time to see two checked knees bend, hit the floor, and let the rest down gently.

"Gosh, murder!" said Wilbur. "Cheezit!!"

"Whew!" said Jostle Joe, who had found the entrenchment that the soda-fountain offered well suited to the same purpose that made sandbags a household word in 1918. "What'll we do, clean up?"

THE NEXT morning, Ward 310 of City Hospital was still the waiting host to an unconscious newcomer.

When he came to around 7:00 A. M., Mr. Trump was many revolving doors that turned in opposite directions and smashed glass at one another. It seemed to him that he had suddenly become the axis on which the world was turning.

"Howya feelin', ole man?" said some part of the Ward.

"You're going to make it, you know," said Nurse—or the orange juice she carried.

"Uhumph—" returned Mr. Trump from a sultan's hat of gauze.

"Oh, you're nothing!" assured Nurse. "You should have seen the razor fight they brought in on Fourth! Why, it was a week after we were scrubbing."

"Uhumph!"

"What's the matter, ole man?" offered another part of the Ward.

"Shut up, you dopes!" said Nurse. "You wanna wear him out?... Wait'll you see your head. Twenty stitches! Gee whiz, I can't wait until you're unwrapped. And leave me tell you, old boy, a better man with a needle never sewed up a head than that young Doctor Windsor! It's a grand job, I'll bet!"

"Where's S-Sister Ag-Ag-Agnes?" pleaded Mr. Trump. "The one—the little one who helped me over my appendix?"

"Oh, you've got a sister a nurse? Agnes...? I never heard of her. Must be on Fourth. You see, I'm new around here, but believe me, if you've got a sister on Fourth, leave it to me to pull all wires for you and get her down here!! Believe me, I'm quick, and I'll be right back."

Nurse went out, and Wilbur Trump slipped in.

"Gee, Pop, I liked to never got up here? They kin ask more questions than Brother Chrysostom. How're you feelin', Pop? Gosh, you're brave

to track down Foot Loose Louie single-handed!"

"Where's your Mother, Wilbur? Are you the only one who came?"

"Aw, that's not it. Tommy got the mumps from Stinky, and they didn't even give us time to turn around and slapped on a quarantine!"

"Quarantine?"

"Sure! But they didn't fool Grandma. She let the reporters in through the basement window so the neighbors wouldn't see, and give 'em your picture for the paper."

"My what—!"

"Aw, gee, Pop, don't git sore! Don't you want us t' be proud of you?... Lookit this!" Wilbur unfolded the morning paper he had with him, and Mr. Trump could not decide which was jumping—the paper or his head.

"And that's nothing, Pop," informed Wilbur. "Every paper in the country is carryin' the story. Foot Loose Louie was wanted in eight states... Gee, think of it, Pop! Eight states got rewards fer him! Almost a billion dollars, I bet!"

Mr. Trump turned a little to shift the weight his head was making.

"Gee, Pop, Brother Chrysostom asked me after Lab this morning if you'd talk to the Seniors when you git better on 'Crime and the High School'.... Everbody can't git over it how you disguised yourself fer Foot Loose Louie. Pinky and Fokie and the rest of the gang say can you teach us criminology? Ma says we kin use the basement, an' Grandma's gonna hang up curtains and fill up the ice-box. Ain't that swell?"

Mr. Trump thought it "swell"; in fact, even the shake-up he was getting from the revolving room and the twirling of the things in it took on a very definite purpose. He felt like the lucky lottery number being well shaken before the final drawing.

Grandmother, too, had seen the Providential in it all, but the expression of her convictions, during the press conference she had called, in the basement, was along other lines.

"Well," she had said to a reporter, as she leaned over the wash-machine, "some people take to good, ordinary common sense, but a good slug on the head won't hurt others!"



# "The Fool hath SAID—"

Aloysius M. Barth

I WENT out for supper on this Sunday evening in spite of the rain. The restaurant was typical of small towns: cigar counter and cash register at the front, lunch counter with stools down one side, several booths opposite, a couple of tables, radio, and a monetary victrola—you know the kind, a nickel plays any popular piece twice and loudly. Whenever I see one I always say a prayer that no one will play the infernal thing—a prayer, by the way, not often answered.

The booths were all occupied, so I sat at a small table and ordered. While waiting for food I saw three men enter, remove their hats, and select a table across the aisle from me. After a moment I recognized the oldest and presumed he was with two of his sons. He approached me affably and insisted that I join them at a larger table. I accepted the invitation after making the usual trite objection of disliking to intrude on a family party, which objection was promptly overruled. His sons were delighted to meet me. The sons were artists of national as well as local reputation; the one a landscape painter and the other a portrait painter. I, as one of the uninitiated, had seen and admired their work.

After they had ordered the talk started. Evidently it was not to be a silent meal. I asked them about their paintings; both of them had recently participated in a national exhibition. I mentioned several of their pictures which I particularly liked. Unfortunately, there still isn't any demand for oil paintings, or more plainly, people simply aren't spending the money, or haven't it to spend for such luxuries. Then came the food.

With that interruption the topic of conversation was changed. Politics and the international situation were discussed, about which none of us was very well informed. But everything was very pleasant. We unanimously deplored conditions in Spain, Mexico, Russia, and Germany; if you can't do anything else, you can always deplore. I almost strangled when one of the men suggested that either Christianity or Communism offered the solution to the problems of the world. That these two antithetical ideas could be expressed in the same breath and considered synonymous simply appalled me. I objected that one meant God and individual rights, the other the total rejection of God and liberties. He blandly answered, "Oh, well just anything with a world-wide (Weltanschauung) view."

That was the opening wedge. It was now time for the discussion of religion, which, under such circum-

stances, is always distasteful. I knew that none of these men had any church affiliation, and was not seeking either explanation or information. But it was all very distressing to me. It was one of few experiences with pseudo-intellectuals—which term is almost too flattering. I was at a distinct disadvantage throughout. There were three talking to my one. There was not only no unanimity in their thought but scarcely any similarity. I endeavored to explain away their difficulties until I realized there were neither difficulties nor objections, but flat denials; they were, if I may use the expression, airing their views. They were suffering, as so many of their class do, from liberal or broad-mindedness, a euphemism, I fear, for plain ignorance or unsound thinking. The term agnostic is considered smart; the word atheist is a bit rough and crude. Free-thinker is reserved for the more accomplished.

The dessert was served. One of them asked me if I really believed in God. All three admitted they could not be convinced of the existence of a supreme being. These denials were made with a supercilious smile, above the common herd, you know. I argued that the existence of God could be proved from natural reason alone. The existence of the world, life, motion, and order all proclaimed the existence of God. The providence of God manifested itself daily. I was nonplussed when told that God did not create man or the world but that man created the idea of God as an explanation of the many things which baffled him. I appealed to the authority of the Bible; the Bible was rejected *in toto*, both as a book of history and revelation. In desperation I pointed to the sugar bowl and asked if that came there spontaneously. The ready answer was it was manufactured and placed there. I suggested that it were easier for that sugar bowl to be on the table without explanation than for the world to exist without explanation. He, however, didn't have anything to prove and simply answered: "No. Man had to have some way of solving his difficulties for the origin of the things he saw, and consequently invented a God."

The second cup of coffee having been drunk I welcomed the thought of leaving. Oh yes, I paid my own check. As we were going out of the door one of the sons said that he found me most stimulating—whatever that is. While walking home in the rain, much distraught, I recalled the words: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

# SAINT ANN---THE OBSCURE

Raymond A. Robson



PROMPTLY at eight P. M., beneath an overcast sky that threatened momentarily to release its contents, the procession moved forward. Men, women, children, old and young, robust and feeble, in one long column at least a block long—and twelve abreast—they came. Candles flickered in every hand, their light mingling mystically with the approaching darkness and the rhythm of hundreds of voices raised in prayer. All along the line of march the spectators gathered. The faces of some betrayed amusement. But more often there was admiration for a faith that was appreciated even if it were not accepted. A few looked apprehensively at the sullen skies, but the procession rolled onward. It had not rained during the time this annual demonstration was actually in progress for at least eighteen years. Nor did it rain that evening on the heads of the pious group, who strong in faith, dared defy the elements to pay honor to St. Ann, the Mother of the Virgin Mary!

This yearly exhibition of Catholic Faith has been a feature of the Novena in honor of St. Ann in Covington, Kentucky, since 1888. Both the Novena and the Procession began with Father Louis G. Clermont, a French-Canadian priest and one of the first pastors of St. Ann. For fifty years they have continued; each time the crowd of clients larger. The services are patterned on those held at the famous shrine of St. Ann de Beaupré in Quebec, Canada.

St. Ann in Covington can hardly claim any other similarity to the great shrine in Quebec than the faith of its numerous pilgrims. But in its own way the Church in Covington has witnessed and sponsored an immeasurable contribution to the devotion to the Mother of the Mother of God. Clients of the Saint come from surrounding cities and states in the intense heat of the Summer (July 18-26) for nine consecutive days to fill the simple little Church on the hillside in West Covington. Twice a day, in the afternoon and evening, the crowds assemble, and each time they are so large that they overflow into the basement and schoolyard, where they are "contacted" by the large "public-address system." After the services the pilgrims file to the altar rail to receive a blessing with the relics of St. Ann.

These relics have a history all their own. The first was obtained by Father Clermont in 1888 and is a fragment of a rock removed from the house of St. Ann in Jerusalem. In this house occurred the mysterious conception and birth of the Mother of God, the glorious mystery of the Immaculate Conception. This house is at present the crypt of the Basilica of St. Ann in Jerusalem. The second relic is a chip from the fore-finger bone of the Saint and was obtained by Father Clermont from the shrine in Canada in 1891.

Have there been any miracles at this shrine of St. Ann? We can do no better than quote

the words of Father Thomas B. Ennis, the present pastor, who has directed the devotion for almost twenty years.

"A number of wonderful effects have taken place since the opening of the shrine. Crutches and canes have been left at the shrine by many who claim they have received relief from bodily ailments through the intercession of St. Ann. *More important* than these effects are the *great graces* God has given through the use of St. Ann relics and as a reward for the great veneration shown St. Ann..."

There is a sharp contrast, however, between the present renown of St. Ann and the amount of available information about her life. The only sources are apocryphal. ("Apocryphal" is a Patrologist's ten-dollar term for "fictitious.") The "Proto-evangelium" of St. James contains an interesting story:

The Jews considered the failure of a couple to have children a curse of God, since the Messianic promises could only be realized—or hope to be realized—in offspring. Ann and her husband, Joachim, were greatly troubled, therefore, when their marriage resulted in no children. One day Joachim was reproached by his townsmen for his misfortune. Grieved at the insult, he retired to the desert to pray. Ann became worried when her husband failed to return home. She too began to pray. She was interrupted by an angel with the words: "Thou shalt conceive and give birth and the fruit of thy womb shall be blessed by all the world!" Not long after Mary was born.

This story is hardly to be considered beyond doubt, especially since it is so similar to the account of the birth of Samuel. But whether the story be fact or fiction, Ann is, nevertheless, truly the Mother of the Mother of God, and was privileged to be honored by one of the greatest

of miracles, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. After the Blessed Virgin Ann stands closer than any other to the Humanity of Jesus Christ. Her title startles the ear with its dignity: *Mother of Mary, Grandmother of Jesus Christ.*

The key to popular appeal of devotion to St. Ann is perhaps the very obscurity of her life. Indeed, God seems to have desired to conceal as much as possible the secrets of many of His Saints. We find time and again that the lives of the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven are

the most unknown to the historian. St. Benedict, St. Patrick, St. Joseph, and even the Blessed Virgin Mary have left no autobiography. More surprising still, Christ Himself, despite the fact that He came to earth to teach and instruct all men, spent thirty of His thirty-three years on earth in an obscurity that we know only as "The Hidden Life."

It would be presumptuous for us to venture an opinion as to the reason for this phenomenon, but we do think that God in His loving Providence desired it to be thus so the lowliest might feel at home in His Church. Father Abram J. Ryan's "Song of the Mystic" reminds us, after all, that

God's Saints thought thoughts in the valley "too pure for the touch of a word. So with St. Ann. Her life stands as an inspiration to the unknown or forgotten. Especially is it a model for the unknown mother, the wife of the farmer, the factory worker, the share-cropper, whose days are spent in the tiresome toil of a humble family life. For though the names of these mothers are unknown and unsung by the world, they are written like the names of Mary and Martha of Bethania, Elizabeth of the Hill Country, and Ann of Nazareth, written indelibly in the everlasting book of God!

### A SWARM OF B's.

B hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, B kind,  
B busy of body, B modest of mind,  
B earnest, B truthful, B firm, and B fair,  
But of all mis B haviour B sure to B ware.  
B think ere you stumble, of what may B fall;  
B true to yourself, and B faithful to all.  
B brave to B ware of the sins that B set;  
B sure that one sin will another B get.  
B just and B generous, B honest and B wise,  
B mindful of time, and B certain it flies.  
B prudent, B liberal, of order B fond,  
Buy less than you need B fore Buying B yond.  
B careful, but yet B the first to B stow;  
B temperate, B steadfast, to anger B slow;  
B thoughtful, B thankful, whatever B tide;  
B just and B joyful, B cleanly B side.  
B pleasant, B patient, B gentle to all,  
B best if you can, B humble withal;  
B prompt and B dutiful, but still B polite,  
Be reverent, B quiet, B sure and B right;  
B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray,  
B grateful, B cautious of those who B tray;  
B tender, B loving, B good and B nigh—  
B loved shalt thou B, and all else shall B thine.

—American Bee Journal.



J. Ralph Arnold



*"He hath given his angels  
charge over thee: to keep  
thee in all thy ways."  
Psalm 90*

## Give Your Guardian Angel a Rest

THE BUSTLING Saturday afternoon crowd caused me to scurry for a quiet corner of the local Five and Ten. I leaned heavily against the closest support; feeling it yield to my weight I turned to inspect it. A sign on the bulky instrument informed me that, "Your weight indicates your health." Persuaded, more by the desire for something to do than by the high pressure advertising, I dropped a copper into the slot and heeded the advice, "Stand still until the arrow stops turning." Amid the whirl of gears and the click of levers, a little card slid into the holder, from which the monocled eye of George Arliss stared at me. Flipping the card over in my fingers, I read, "Give your guardian angel a rest." This remark was supposed to be an indication of my character. Although I might have received any one of the twenty-eight varieties of "fortunes" which the machine dispensed, yet this one, which had fallen to my lot, was clever and arresting.

At home, ensconced in an easy chair, my pipe alternately glowing and fuming, my hand slid idly into a pocket. As I fingered the small rectangular card upon which my hand had fallen, I recalled its unique admonition. So it suggested that I was forever getting myself into trouble. No doubt, the mechanical fortune teller branded me as a "Good-time Charlie," one of those not so rare specimens who will do

anything for a thrill. Yet I was impressed by the fact that such a highly commercialized object as a weight indicator, with the picture of George Arliss on the other side, should, with the suggestion that my guardian angel was being overworked, bring this thought home to me. Even if the truth was being stretched, the point was really made that our guardian angels do much more work for us than we realize.

I remember that the first time I had heard about a guardian angel was in Sister Mary Rose's class in grade school. At that time, I had been more impressed by their intimate character than any of the other "Mother's Delights." Sister Mary Rose was so effective in presenting the case for the presence of guardian angels at our side that I strenuously objected to the proximity which my partner in the two-seater bench insisted upon. With my slightly sullied fists, I attempted to impress upon my friend the necessity of leaving room in the bench for my guardian angel. Since being forcibly corrected in my views by the good sister, I have made further research in that field and my knowledge of angels has appreciably broadened.

The odd thing about these divinely appointed guardians is the utter indifference with which men regard them; due no doubt, to man's complete ignorance of their nature and work.

Some scoff at the thought of angels and call them myths and fairies; others term them superstition, or are content to deny any such power as we claim for them. Yet we are assured by Mother Church that such creatures exist, and we are all familiar with the proof of their actions on behalf of men, as recorded in Scripture. The accounts of the angels who slew 185,000 soldiers in one night, and of the one who liberated Peter from prison, not only give proof of the existence of heavenly spirits, but indicate their power. Although angels are pure, incorruptible spirits and occupy no space, they are able to assume bodies resembling those of men when they wish to perform tasks requiring bodily appearances. Such was the case at the Annunciation, the Resurrection, and many other times. That which is of the utmost importance to us, however, among the diverse qualities of angels, is their knowledge of God and of us. In the Beatific Vision (the sight of God face to face and knowledge of Him in His essence) they know God most intimately, and enjoy that happiness for which we are now striving, and which the angels are interested in helping us attain. They, having the knowledge of certain future happenings, know more about us than we do about ourselves and are, for this reason, peculiarly qualified to help us.

Angels have a difficult task on hand to impress a pleasure-sated world with the importance of working out an eternal salvation. Man, abusing the gift of free will, refuses to follow the guidance of protective spirits. But the more incorrigible a man is, the more he evades the angel's counsels, so much greater is the effort of the heavenly guardian. To every man is appointed one angel who does everything in his power to lead his charge safely and smoothly over the high, adventurous road of mortal life. This spirit is a tireless worker who cannot be dissuaded from his sole purpose of aiding, always and as much as he can, those submitted to his care. While man is weak and changeable, angels are not seduced or overcome by the vicious enticements of the world. They prompt men to do what is pleasing to God, and the verity of their counsel can always be depended upon.

"Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against

the rulers of the world of darkness," said St. Paul. He refers to the devils who have a hierarchy of spirits just as the angels, and who attempt just as vehemently to draw us into consort with their evil ways as our guardian angels try to lift us up to the love and service of God. This battle rages about us incessantly. For, while we are being tempted by the devil, who has the allurements of the world and the powers of concupiscence on his side, our guardian angel strives earnestly to persuade us to choose the good and abandon the evil. The final judge, however, of the course to be taken is our free will, since persuasion can influence but never can positively determine our will. Hence, co-operation with our guardian is the only means we have of assuring ourselves of the correct choice in the time of temptation.

These dear friends of ours do more than merely counsel us. Since they are ever before the face of God, they can more efficaciously than we offer our prayers to Him. The Apocalypse pictures the prayers of the faithful as ascending before the throne of God, as clouds of incense from a golden censer in the hands of an angel. This personal presentation of our prayers to God by our angel guardian adds more weight to our petitions. At the same time these heavenly companions, realizing the importance of the spiritual over the material life, suggest good thoughts to us. Thus, by our constant attention to Him we approach more closely to God and are made aware of His goodness and love.

From the experience of Tobias, who was escorted through a strange country and protected from the dangers of the journey by God's angel, we know that our guardian angels do not disdain to help us in temporal matters. They guard us from bodily injury or, when we have endangered ourselves, lead us out of our straightened circumstances. This is true not only in the case of small children but of every man and woman, because our guardian angels are with us from the moment of our birth to our death, and during that time they do not cease to care for us in every way possible. It is because we are not definitely aware of the many situations in which our angel is our ardent defender, that we are not sufficiently appreciative of their care nor confident that they are capable of helping us.

When we consider the untiring zeal of these "watch-dogs of God" for our spiritual and temporal interest, we realize that we owe a debt of gratitude to them, and are obliged to return thanks in whatever way possible for the service which they render. If we value their companionship as a friend, benefactor, and brother, we will avoid anything that might displease them, and strive to do their will, just as we go out of our way to delight any other friend. Using the same human tactics, having trust and faith in their help and manifesting it by seeking them

out in time of trial, we will repay them for the effort which they benevolently extend in our behalf. At the same time, we will be repayed for our confidence in them with an inestimable peace of mind. A peace engendered by the knowledge that we are safe in the care of these envoys sent by our loving Father to lead us to the city of God, where each of us shall enjoy an eternal mansion: the reward for confidence in God's own gifts to us, our unerring guides,—  
OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.

# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"How can we know the way?"  
—St. John 14:5.

## PROBING FINGERS

SCARCELY is a child of Adam born into this wonderful world when it curls itself up into a question mark and cries: "Why? why?" When able to propel itself on hands and knees it begins its tour of exploration and investigation. Everything must be seen, touched, tasted, and taken apart.

The Apostle, St. Thomas, was a true child of Adam. He is called "Didymus—Twin." Thomas, in Syriac, means "twin." We find him making good use of his twin senses. Thomas manifested his deep faith in Christ by his ardent profession: "My Lord and my God!" At the last supper the Master told His sorrowing Apostles that he was going to leave them in order to prepare a place for them in His Father's house, "Whither I go, you know, and the way you know." Thomas replied: "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" His faith was not wavering.

He merely asked for the grace to see the Divine Truth more clearly, that it might be "a lamp to his feet" to enable him to walk more securely on the Way—Christ. After the resurrection, when he demands to see the glorious wounds in the body of the risen Savior, was it not that his probing fingers might penetrate more deeply into this fathomless mystery of the Savior's boundless love? Faith is never satisfied until supplanted by beatific vision.

Faith is not a science, but an infused gift, a supernatural power that vitalizes the soul. But this power, like any bodily organ, will grow weak and become useless unless constantly, engaged in penetrating ever more deeply into the divine mysteries. Thereby the soul "shall go from virtue to virtue" until the "God of gods shall be seen in Sion," the place prepared not for doubting, but for humbly probing Thomases.

## Mission Intention for the Month of July

The Holy Father is voicing a very special need of the Precious Blood in asking prayers for the conversion of Javanese, for these 42 millions of souls are very dear to the Sacred Heart.

Java is south of the equator forming a part of Holland's far-flung possessions known as the Dutch East Indies. The people are Malay but there is a conglomeration of Chinese as well as other Asiatics, together with a large European population making a total of 42 millions. Islamism found ready acceptance among the inhabitants of Java, so much so that today five-sevenths of the people are followers of the Prophet.

Spanish and Portuguese missionaries reached the island in 1571 but, when the country came under the

control of the Dutch, Catholicity was taboo and Catholic missionaries were forbidden to enter the country. It was not until 1808 that two priests were allowed to take up residence, with the understanding that they must have no contact with natives. It was not until the beginning of the present century that organized Catholic missionary work could be undertaken.

Today as a tangible proof of the remarkable work being accomplished in this far-off part of the world there are 103,828 Catholics in Java with 7,376 catechumens under instruction. The five ecclesiastical divisions are under the care of 191 priests, 226 brothers, and 976 sisters. 63,000 children are studying in Catholic schools in Java.

# Reading the NEWS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

## Gloom Amid Sunshine

**T**ODAY is a day in early June. The air is neither too hot nor too cool; the sun and rain have combined to put upon all nature a cloak of fresh green, the green of new and luxuriant growth. Looking out over the fields one sees thick growths of wheat, now beginning to show the tinge of ripeness which beckons to the harvester. Corn is everywhere a foot high and growing quickly. Sleek cattle roam the pasture tracts in the contentment of good feeding. Life and abundance are manifest on all sides.

School is out. Students in exuberant joy after months of confinement and work and discipline have departed for their homes full of care-free gayety and anticipation such as only youth can have. Visions of sleek golf courses, smooth tennis courts, limpid bathing pools clamor for attention.

Yes, the present and the narrow boundaries of our own lives call forth naught but sentiments of peace and well-being. One would wish to exclude all thought of tomorrow. One would wish to exclude especially all thought of that which lies outside the limits of one's present vision. Yet the channels of news cease not their flow; one cannot close one's ears to the heartbeat of the world. The pulsations of its thought and activity constantly obtrude themselves.

And the story they tell has in it but little of joy and peace. A dark-some cloud of gloom pervades all. Yet one must not be deceived. One must constantly call to mind that, after all, that which makes news is not the common and the ordinary, but rather the monstrous, the perverse, the breaking rather than the

keeping of the law. So, whereas we read daily of many divorces, we should keep in mind that there are millions of couples living their married lives faithfully; a murder will make the headlines, while the average person will go about respecting the lives of others and never be heard of. Upstart dictators of Europe go strutting about violating every human right, while Uncle Sam, doing as well as possible under trying circumstances for his people, gets only routine notice.

However, one must read the news, and in reading one naturally becomes a bit gloomy. We see man, the crowning glory of God's marvelous creation, destined even in this life to live the life of God—a privilege bought with the Precious Blood of the Son of God, yet preferring to share the life of the brute creation in that he thinks and speaks and does only that which would give comfort to the flesh. We see him turning a deaf ear to the whisperings of the Spirit, which alone can bring to him the peace and joy that every human heart craves, and harkening rather to the clamorous cries of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and thereby bringing upon himself woe unutterable. Social chaos is imminent and it is because of this; for Christ speaking through His Church declares to industry, commerce, diplomacy a program which will assure to all a peace and abundance which men are blindly seeking to achieve of themselves, but are balked at every turn because they will not either accept or try to practice the first rule that Christ lays down: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Individualism of selfishness and greed, the besetting sin of the modern era, can do no

other than bring conflict in all departments of social living.

May we say that the trouble of our present day is a trouble that is new or one that is more grave than ever before? Who can answer that? Someone has well said that we do not make our past nor do we make our present; it is only our future that we can make—or unmake. Men are doing wicked deeds today and are thinking wicked thoughts. What will all this bring in the future? Only God knows. But when we read the records of fifty years ago, a hundred years, five hundred years, we can read the same gloomy thoughts as have been written by me on this sunny day in June of 1938. People were selfish then and greedy and bringing upon themselves great woe and on the world much conflict and distress. As it was then, so it is now, and will be in the future: the powers of hell seem ever to prevail. In the midst of it all, however, let us join St. Michael and cry, "Who is like God?" and know for a certainty that the All-Powerful is still on His Throne of might and will have a care of us if we do but trust Him.

## The Prince of Peace

**O**NE wonders how much of the world caught the significance of the International Eucharistic Congress recently held in Budapest. Here was indeed a concurrence of events that was supercharged with drama, yet only the Angels with their intuitive sight, and the servants of God who see with the eyes of God, must have appreciated to the full this powerful drama, when the Hero and the villain of all history met on the same stage and in the same moment of the play. While Jesus in His Eucharist was borne through the midst of thousands of His wor-



shippers, blessing them and the land of Hungary and Europe and the world, there came to pass at the same time and in His very presence one of those critical moments between nations when war could have burst forth at the slightest provocation. Germany and Czechoslovakia were at each other's throats. Thanks be to the Prince of Peace that the crisis passed and war was averted. It would not have been a war only between two nations; any conflict arising now in Europe is certain to involve all of Europe, and quite certain to involve all the world, the United States not excepted.

Yet the contrast between Europe and America may be seen in new ways every day. Thus we find the following cheery item in the editorial columns of a neighboring paper:

The Dominion day committee of Vancouver, B. C., has a happy idea for celebration of Canada's national holiday. It has invited Americans to attend the ceremonies at the Peace Arch and to join in the parade through Vancouver streets with Canadian troops. The specific Americans invited are members of the Tacoma national guard troop. The *Vancouver Sun* says of the plan:

"While the French glower at the Italians, the Germans fume at the Czechs, the Russians menace the Poles, and everybody harries the Jews, Vancouver is getting ready for a far different demonstration. On July 1 our frontiers will be crossed by foreign troops. Do we get excited? You bet we do. We are going to send our shiniest silk hats and our stiffest brass hats down to the border. Those hats are going to come off and the wearers are going to raise a cheer for the martial invaders. Canada doesn't put up barbed wire to keep neighboring armies off her soil. Instead, we send down and invite them to come up. It's a nice way to be."

#### "War is Hell"

THIS terse, yet very truthful, statement attributed to General Sherman is borne out today with infinitely more force than in the days of our Civil War. The ruthless bombings of cities in China and Spain have added a new note of horror to

war which is far more fearful than the rapine consequent on the conquest of cities in former wars. The rulers of Europe who are preparing so feverishly for war must see all this. Too, they must have in their minds that from war can come only destruction, poverty, loss, chaos—even the winners lose. They must realize that the next war is to be a war to the death, most probably the death of both sides—Armageddon, the end of our civilization. Still they prepare; still one or two of them are seeming to do everything to set off the spark that will bring on the ensuing explosion.

Why do they do it? Ah, there's a question! Who of us has not been asked that question after some delinquency? What answer can one give? Only one. It is that there is in all of us an inclination to evil, a darkness of mind and a weakness of will and a general perverseness of our whole being which leads us to do that which is not seemly in order to gain a selfish end, whether that be one or more of those three things that have been in the world since the fall of man—concupiscence of the eyes, concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life.

#### Billions to Spend

"THOSE who control the purse strings of the nation control the nation," said a speaker recently. One wonders today if an event in history which happened some thousands of years ago is being repeated in our country at this time.

Read again the story of Joseph in Egypt—by the way, one of the finest stories ever written. Why did Joseph please Pharaoh so much? It was by his economic plan which he offered for a solution of the seven lean years which were to come upon the country, a plan not of simply storing up the fat years to feed the lean, but one by which the future distress of the people was to be used in order to bring all power into the hands of the central government and to reduce the citizens to the status of slaves of the state; for in return for the grain which had been stored up by the government they were to sign over their property. Very pleasing to Pharaoh!

The lean years are upon us; no one can deny that. And with these years has come acute distress. People are clamoring for economic aid. "Go to Joseph," said Pharaoh. "Go to Uncle Sam," we are told today. And the people are going by the millions. His credit with the banks is excellent; so he borrows prodigiously. (I still agree with Father Coughlin that this manipulation of the wealth of the country spells nothing but disaster.)

There is another portentous aspect to this matter. Just now there is agitation in the Senate for an investigation into the allotment of WPA funds, particularly as to how far these funds have been used to secure votes for the party in power. When we consider that a certain Mr. Hopkins has at his discretion the allotment of sums of money beyond anyone's imagination to calculate, and that he is a bounden servant of U. S. as represented by the President and his party, one cannot help wondering what system Mr. Hopkins uses in this allotting of such staggering sums. Open accusations have been made to show that pressure has been brought to bear on certain States during recent elections; threats are said to have been fulminated from that Jove-like throne to the effect that it would be well for certain States to cast their vote for the administration's white-haired boys—or else. We know how much of truth there is in such accusations. But human nature is still human nature, politicians are—well, politicians, and money is power. So by all means let's have a fair investigation, otherwise a mere dummy can well see that a manipulation such as is hinted at can easily keep a party in power ad infinitum, meantime reducing our free voters to the state of those Egyptians of far-off times.

And anent these hard times and the difficulty of securing work, let us preserve in these pages that instance of perhaps the finest piece of irony which we have run across in these ironical times. At their graduation this spring the senior class of a certain school took as their class slogan: "WPA, here we come." This is so good that any comment would spoil it.



*Bernard Glick*

**R**APIDLY the Chicago-bound train pulled its five whizzing coaches over the table-level country of northern Indiana. Father Randell glanced through the window at the impossibly green fields which took on fantastic hues as the rays of the setting July sun skidded on the remaining rain drops which had fallen earlier in the afternoon. Almost reluctantly he turned his attention back to his two friends sitting in the seat across from him. The last fifteen minutes had been spent discussing the possibility of a European war. In a tone of weary summary the priest pensively sighed:

"Yes, it looks like this old world is going to stick blithely to its program of being gradually blown to bits by men at war. Too bad they must follow Mars instead of Christ. What a beautiful thing peace is. I believe it was the inspired writer Micheas who wrote: 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into spades: nations shall not take swords against nation: neither shall they learn war any more.' Many others of the inspired writers in giving us the inspired word of God express this same thought throughout the Bible."

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Mr. Kane, as he extracted the dark, brown cigar from his generous mouth which blended so harmoniously with the perfect rotundity of his jovial face.

"Now what did I do?" queried Father Randell with mock anxiety.

"What you just said reminds me of something that has been bothering me for a long time. I notice that whenever you speak about the Bible you say that it is the Word of God and that it is inspired. Will you please tell me just what you mean by these expressions?"

Reticent Mr. Pike, the other travelling companion of Father Randell, showed his interest by straightening up, adjusting his pince-nez and contributing: "Yes, Father, I too, have been wondering just exactly what you mean by the inspiration of the Bible."

Smiling resignedly, the priest held up his finger in warning. "Gentlemen, I am afraid that you are in for something if you get me started on a Biblical topic. You know that is my pet diversion." He paused to emit an indifferently circular smoke ring from his freshly lit cigar and then continued: "To start at the beginning, the Bible is inspired by the Holy Ghost and is truly the Word of God. It was God Himself Who moved the will of the sacred writer to write. It was God Who aided the writer in conceiving what to write. It was God Who assisted the writer in expressing his thoughts in exact language. And finally it was God Who so directed the writer that he neither added or omitted anything essential nor did he err in any of his statements. Therefore we are speaking very literally and precisely when we say that the Bible is inspired by God, and is, in truth, the very Word of God."

Putting his round, fat hand on the speaker's knee, Mr. Kane exclaimed: "Wait a minute, Father. All that might be clear to you, but it's a little too much for me to take in all at once. How about a little explaining?"

"Pardon, Pardon," came from Father Randell apologetically. "I'll try to do better. First of all God moves the will of some selected writer in such a way that he freely determines to transmit his thoughts into writing. This God can do either directly or indirectly. For example, when God commanded Isaias to write he moved him directly. On the other hand, however, when St. Paul wrote his letter to Philemon or when St. Mark wrote his Gospel, they were induced to do so only indirectly, i. e., by external circumstances. Onesimus, a slave of a certain Philemon, had robbed his master and fled to Rome, where he met St. Paul. Having been converted by the Apostle, he was sent back to Philemon bearing a letter in which St. Paul begs the master to forgive the run-away but repentant slave. Similarly in the case of St. Mark; that evangelist wrote his Gospel at the request of the Christians at Rome who wished to have the teaching of St. Peter in a permanent written form. What we must remember is that behind these apparently accidental circumstances is the will of God indirectly moving the inspired writer."

At this juncture Mr. Pike extended his long, slender fingers in a halting gesture. "According to what you have just said, Father, St. Paul in writing his letter to Philemon, and St. Mark in writing his Gospel were evidently unaware of the fact that God was moving them."

"It is true," replied Father Randell slowly, "that we may admit that opinion. But it is much more probable that God, in His infinite wisdom, somehow informed the writers that they were acting under the immediate influence of the Divine Will. Of course, if you prefer the first opinion you may safely hold it, since it is antecedently possible."

"If God merely moved the writer to the extent of inducing him to undertake the task of writing we could hardly say that He is the Author of the Bible. For example, if Mr. Kane would influence me to write a letter to the President about my ideas on war, he

could not be called the author of that letter. It is clear, therefore, that God's part in producing the Bible must have to extend to an actual illumination of the writer's intellect."

Hurriedly extracting the cigar from his mouth, Mr. Kane once more interrupted. "If I understand you correctly, Father, it seems to me that God is just about doing all the work in this inspiration process; almost as though He were presenting the writer with a large book from which he simply has to copy."

"I see what you mean. You think that the job of writing Holy Scripture is a snap; just copying. Shall I take your application for the position?" bantered the priest. "No, Mr. Kane, the task of the inspired writers was not as simple as one might think at first. Although they were inspired they were not thereby free from all work, nor was there anything about their work which suggested mere copying. In the beginning of his Gospel St. Luke tells us that he diligently collected information before he began to write."

"But, Father," objected Mr. Pike, "according to that you seem to exclude all revelation from inspiration. I recall that many of the prophets like Isaiah, Ezekiel and St. John in his Apocalypse tell us that they wrote what was revealed to them."

Father Randell watched several blue scrolls of smoke ascend toward the ceiling of the car before replying. "No, Mr. Pike, I do not deny that there is a connection between revelation and inspiration, but I do say that, by their natures, they are two very different things. When God revealed to Mary that she was to become the Mother of God He certainly did not inspire her to write anything. On the other hand, when God inspired St. Luke to write in the Acts of the Apostles the descriptions of his journeys with St. Paul it is equally certain that He did not reveal anything new to him. Revelation may be a preliminary to inspiration but it is not, strictly speaking, an essential part of it."

With a completely bewildered expression covering his face, Mr. Kane sighed despairingly. "Father, now you really have me confused. A few minutes ago I was under the impression that it was God who did all the work in producing inspired writings. Now it is beginning to look as though the writer did everything and that God was hardly on the scene at all. You are going to have to get me straightened out or inspiration is going to be more of a mystery for me than ever."

"I am sorry to have confused you, Mr. Kane, but as you are now realizing inspiration is a somewhat difficult thing to understand or explain. Yet if we approach it from the right angle it will not prove nearly so difficult as you, no doubt, are thinking it is at the moment. The crux of the whole thing is this; we must carefully distinguish the part which God plays and the part which man plays in inspiration. God is the principal cause; the sacred writer, an intelligent instrumental cause." Seeing that both his companions were ready to pounce upon him with fresh questions, Father Randell continued hastily.

"Just a minute and I will explain what I mean. Let us consider exactly what happened when God inspired

a writer of one of the books of the Bible. First of all he instilled in the writer's will a desire to write. The next step was to influence him to gather his material, examine it and finally put it into a systematic, finished form. In transmitting God's message (for such it is) the writer naturally stamped it with his own personality and style. Yet God remained the illuminating and guiding force at all times in such a way that we have a perfect right to say that He is the real author of the Bible and the inspired writers, His rational instruments or agents."

"Well, Father, I believe that I am getting the general idea of inspiration, but I am still in doubt as to just how far it extends. Are the scientific and historical parts of the Bible also inspired?" queried Mr. Kane cautiously.

Father Randell disposed of his now burnt out cigar and returned to his subject. "Not only does inspiration extend to those passages which treat of faith and morals but also to those which are concerned with historical and scientific facts. Since God is the author of the scriptures every passage contained in them is indisputably and eternally true. In reading certain passages, however, we must keep in mind the particular reason for which they were written. For example, when Moses wrote his account of creation in the book of Genesis he naturally wished to relate the historical facts involved in a style readily understandable by the people. It was quite obviously not his purpose to give the world a scientific treatise on the creation. As the historian, Baronius, once pertinently remarked: 'The Sacred Scriptures are to teach how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go.' Moses related the scientific phenomena of the creation according to their external appearances using the common, simple metaphors of his day. Even today we use similar figures of speech in ordinary conversation; for example, when we speak of the sun rising and setting. To sum up the whole matter, all we must remember is that God is the author of the entire Bible and that consequently everything contained in it must be true."

Mr. Pike turned in search of his valise, the while talking back over his shoulder to Father Randell. "Thank you for your kind explanations, Father. I never realized how beautiful the Catholic teaching on inspiration was until now. I assure you that I am going to begin reading my Bible again."

"That goes for me, too," supplemented Mr. Kane, "I want to thank you for spending all your time explaining this inspiration business. When I get home I am going to blow the dust off my old Bible and find out just what is God's message to this war-crazed world."

With a smile Father Randell pulled his own suit case down from the rack. "Gentlemen, I warned you not to inveigle me into a discussion on a Biblical topic, for I knew that if you did I would monopolize the conversation. But if both of you have decided to take up reading the Bible again, I say that the time was better than well spent."

With a round of handshakes and good-bye's the three friends left the train.



# PAMPHLETS

# GALLORE

**W**HO HAS NOT been to a grocery on a busy day and observed the house-wives making their purchases? Scarcely any two bought the same kind of food, but each one was particular in her choice. The first thing seen was not immediately taken. Vegetables were carefully selected with only the best being taken from the counter. Care was always taken to get food which was best for the health and strength of the body. To make it more pleasing it was prepared so as to be most agreeable to the appetite. Any food which would seem to make any one of the family sick or poison them was thrown away. In fact, everything was done in order to give the body the proper nourishment.

The soul, just as the body, seeks the proper kind of nourishment. The sources from which the soul is nourished are various, but one source, common to all, is reading. This might be very well compared to the food of the body. Reading material is found in various forms or "dishes" such as books, papers, magazines, and pamphlets. The first three of these are well known to all, but the last mentioned, until recently, was less common, and because of its excellent nourishment deserves special mention.

During recent years the pamphlet has made a much wider acquaintance and as other forms of reading matter it appears both in appetizing and nonappetizing forms. It contains either good, bad, or indifferent ingredients. Very much subversive reading matter appears in pamphlet form. The enemies of God realize the great power of printed propaganda which can reach a much larger audience and convey a more complete message than can the spoken word. Propaganda is always presented as a most appetizing dish, tho' seasoned highly with poison. Death to the soul of the partaker will be the result unless an exceptionally

strong resistance has been built up or the proper antidote is taken to counteract the poison.

In truth the soul does not seek this "poisoned food" but is betrayed by its "tasty" appearance. The poisoned contents are so arranged that usually they do not produce a sudden effect but work in such a way that quite often the reader is unaware of becoming ensnared. After reading such a pamphlet the feeling of remorse is sensed and the interior man is not satisfied. Truth alone brings satisfaction—falsehood can only bring a sense of frustration and discouragement.

One need not undertake a long and arduous search for pamphlets containing the truth—today they are multitudinous and can easily be obtained. There are many Catholic presses in the country printing daily thousands of pamphlets which are destined to spread the truth, to clarify doubts; proposing solutions to modern problems, be they of the moral, economic, or the social order.

By far the largest field with which pamphlets are concerned is that of religion—a topic inexhaustible. Nevertheless, too many people labor under the false impression that they know enough about their Faith from the short sermons on Sundays and the catechism they memorized as youngsters. In truth they might have learned the fundamentals of religion, but every individual is a bit "hazy" on certain points, and there are many others which he would like to have more fully explained. This would be an impossible task for the priest to accomplish in his Sunday sermons. Moreover, he would be unable to explain the many difficulties to the satisfaction of each and every one. But there is a splendid means whereby one can receive a thorough explanation of his particular problems—this is the work of the pamphlet.

At first thought it would seem that a pamphlet dealing with Dogma of the Church would be distasteful and hard to digest because of its profound matter. The authors, however, forestall this by treating the matter in a very interesting and palatable way, making it pleasant to read and easy to understand. The subjects treated most are: Christ, the God Man; the Blessed Virgin; the Church founded by Christ; the Infallibility of the Pope; Confession, and the Holy Eucharist. Only statements resting on solid truths are put forth. Each doctrine considered is unfolded in such a way that the reader could not easily entertain further doubts on that matter. Clear proof is produced from Holy Scripture, from Tradition, and the practise of the Church. Reason is called upon to show that the truths explained are not in conflict with right thinking.

Man approaches to his Creator in the Sacrifice of the Mass which is the central act of Catholic worship. The

Editor's Note: Catholic pamphlets can be obtained from racks in the rear of Churches or by ordering from the Presses which are advertised in Catholic papers and magazines. If any further information is desired in regard to pamphlets write to

The Catholic Evidence Committee  
St. Meinrad Seminary  
St. Meinrad, Indiana.



faithful ever desire to know more about this great Mystery that is daily enacted throughout the entire world. There are a number of pamphlets explaining the Mass; others describe various ceremonies of the Church. When the true significance of the Mass is known a deeper and more glowing appreciation and devotion will result. Then the soul will move in an atmosphere of peace and joy heretofore unexperienced.

Moderns say: "It is impossible to follow the teaching of the Church on all the points of morality." But Catholics know it is possible and point to the Saints as shining examples. The Lives of the Saints show that those who have been canonized came from all different walks of life. Many were even of the worldly type as youths who later reformed themselves and lived lives of heroic sanctity. Temptations were just as numerous and just as difficult for the Saints as for the people living today; the devil was working just as hard to ensnare souls in the early centuries of the Church as he is at the present time. The Saints lived according to the teachings of Christ. They imitated the virtues of those who had reached the eternal goal of happiness before them. By reading the Lives of the Saints (also published in pamphlet form) one can see how they chose nourishing food for the soul and passed up that seasoned with poison, regardless of how much the world urged them to partake of it.

Young people are often troubled with temptations; they may be in doubt as to their vocation—whether they want to marry, remain single, or enter the religious state; life may seem to hold nothing in store for them, they may be falling into the snares of bad companions; those who are married may be having many troubles, either among themselves, with their children, or from other sources; older people may be tempted to despair thinking their life to have been a failure; and finally,

some from either class may be growing weak in their Faith and gradually drifting away from the Church. Such problems are well answered in Catholic pamphlets by those who have made a life study of these matters and know just how to direct their readers to a solution of their problems. They seem to unravel one's own case before him and settle the difficulties step by step. Oftentimes it would be embarrassing to ask another to help solve a personal problem which one prefers kept secret. It is very necessary to know the Catholic teaching on various moral questions and especially on matters such as Birth Control and Divorce and others well brought out in pamphlets treating these particular subjects.

The social question is a vital topic of today to which there are so many conflicting answers given. Catholic pamphlets clearly set forth the perils of Communism, Fascism, and Dictatorship, and expound the social doctrines of the Church as they have been expressed in the Encyclicals. In such reading one rediscovers the great Christian truths, and experiences the desire to make a more intense study of the one true religion. Only in it will be found the food of truth which alone gives life to the spiritual part of man.

It may seem that millions of pamphlets would be necessary to cover all the different phases of man's life. In fact, there are thousands of them, but those who write pamphlets study their topics well. They gain as much from personal observation as possible on the point at issue and then put forth the matter in a clear and simple way. Most pamphlets are very brief and can be read in a few minutes. Attractive covers are not important—the purpose is to fill these "dishes" with the most nourishing food for the soul, and at the same time make it agreeable to the appetite. This is accomplished in a most remarkable way. Pamphlets give the menu for the unfailing way to success which is to enter into partnership with Christ. In order to enrich the meals of the spiritual life this nourishing food in the form of Catholic pamphlets should have a prominent place on every table.



# HIDDEN TREASURE

Clare Hampton

THE road led along the hot, sun-burnt arroyo, and the wind that blew off the mesa was like the heat from a blast-furnace. With relief Borden Hartrich saw that just ahead the mesa began to rise above the road, and its cliff-like wall threw a grateful shade across it, although even after they reached it, the air was no cooler. The engine sputtered and coughed once or twice and Drake, the chauffeur slowed down a bit, wrinkling his brow in concern.

"Hm, that was a funny sound," he commented, while Borden, paying no attention,

"HELLO!" CRIED A VOICE.  
"NICE PLACE YOU PICKED  
FOR A PICNIC."

reached for the thermos jug and unscrewed it for a cooling drink of lemonade. His tongue was parched and he smacked his lips and bent the jug over to pour out another draught.

"Want a drink, Drake?" he asked. Just then the engine sputtered again, this time more vociferously than before; after a couple of back-fires, it settled down and the car went on as before.



"Hope she don't start to act up now," replied Drake, reaching back with one hand for the cup Borden extended. "Thanks, sir."

"I don't see why I took this fool trip by motor anyway," returned Borden, running his fingers through his hair by way of cooling his scalp and then rubbing his burning eyes. "Could have been taking it easy now by train in an air-cooled car, and here I sit, sizzling and frying because some motor-mad friend of mine drummed it into my head how wonderful it was to get close to the grandeurs of Nature. It's grand all right—if you don't get *too* close."

"Hm, I don't like the way she's acting," commented Drake, squinting at the instrument board. She's losing speed right along, and I have the accelerator down to the floor boards."

"Got plenty of gas?" asked Borden, now becoming really alarmed.

"Plenty." Borden looked at the landscape; nothing but rocks, dust, cactus and some half-dead, scrubby-looking plants here and there, the name of which he did not know.

"Fine thing if we got stuck out here; not a house in sight," he growled, scowling. Fine thing to be sent on a vacation by one's doctor when one would rather be sitting at one's desk in New York anyway, and a still finer thing to get stuck in a sun-struck valley with towering mountains all about, and not a human thing in sight! His thoughts were getting gloomier and gloomier, and, by way of finding something to do, he reached into a lunch hamper, packed with sandwiches in dry ice, and took out two infinitesimal caviar and cracker affairs, which he nibbled without much appetite. Suddenly, the engine began to sputter and cough again; the car began to jerk, to slow up, to start again; sputter—sputter—backfire, and then a gradual dying out. The car had come to a dead stop.

"Now we're in for it!" cried Borden, slipping to the edge of the seat, hands on knees. "What do you suspect is the trouble, Drake?"

"Don't know for certain, sir; I'll get out and see." Opening the hood, the chauffeur peered within, testing this, that and the other thing, then shaking his head and going over to the other side. Borden alighted and began to peer too.

"Anything I can do?" he inquired.

"Not unless you know something about

motors, sir." Borden gave a short, sharp laugh.

"Now if it was a merger, or getting a corner on the steel market, or pulling a defunct company out of the red, I'd be right there; but motors? Nup; there my education has been sadly neglected. Unfortunately my parents could not be expected to foresee an emergency such as this."

"No, I suppose not, sir," replied Drake, preparing to test the spark plugs again. But it was all of no use; the sun began to set, and a sudden chill wind sprang up. Shadows were steadily creeping up from the low places. Borden scratched his head.

"Consarn, what are we supposed to do now?"

"Wait until someone comes along, I guess; no use walking. We'd never get anywhere."

"Well, let's have some supper, anyway. Might as well be comfortable."

It was nearly dark when they heard hoofbeats behind them.

"Hello!" cried a voice. "Nice place you picked for a picnic."

"We didn't pick it," replied Borden, devouring the last piece of tomato on his paper plate.

"Stuck?" asked the cowboy.

"Naw, looking for a nice, cool place to sleep," supplied Drake.

"You'll get it here; nearest repair shop is at Quaridge—100 miles from here." Borden made a gesture with his hand.

"Any inns around here?" he asked. "Got to spend the night somewhere."

"Well—the W. R. Ranch House is quite a ways from here—but Carmencita is just around the corner of this mountain. She'll put you up. Lives with her brother—he's loco; don't work—just hunts for 'treasure'. She washes and sews for people. Right neat woman; you'll like her."

"O. K., brother; take us to her."

Carmencita was delighted to have them; she gave them her brother's room and shoed him up to a crude attic loft, reached by a ladder. The house was an adobe affair with rude plank flooring—very plain, but neat as a pin. Borden was charmed; the food was very good and the bed was clean and soft. There was a spring not far from the door, in a rocky pool, and here Carmencita washed her patrons' clothes, and the flowers and vines she had planted formed a

small oasis amid the surrounding sun-burnt barrenness.

"By Jove, Drake, I like it here," cried Borden as he pulled off his shoes by the light of a flickering candle. "In the morning we'll send for the tow-truck from Quaridge and you can go with them; I'll stay here until the car is fixed—maybe longer. Probably take them two weeks to get new parts anyway. I'm supposed to be taking a rest-cure; well, this is an ideal place for it. The stillness is so thick you can cut it. Yes sir, I sure do like it here."

The cowboy phoned from the ranch-house and the tow-truck came about noon and took the car and Drake away. Borden spent the morning sitting under the thick vines above the doorway, festooned over a rude pergola. From where he sat he could command a view of the entire valley and the mountains beyond. He watched Carmencita as she drudged over her washing, and took note of her carefully patched, but neatly starched and ironed dresses and aprons, and the painful economics she was forced to practise. She was gaunt and bony, while Manuelo, her brother, was fat and round as a pudding.

Every morning he shouldered pick and shovel, while under one arm were a couple of folded gunny sacks. Borden noticed that Carmencita always gave him the best of the food, and after he was filled, she took what was left. Yet he never so much as lifted a pail of water for her, nor even gathered stick for a fire.

"What are you digging for, Manuelo? Gold?" he asked, one morning.

"Not gold. Money."

"Money! You expect to find money in the mountains?"

"Jansen brothers—bad mans—twenty, thirty year ago—steal much money—hide in caves in mountains—they get

hung—they no tell where money. Manuelo find."

"But how do you know where they hid it? These mountains are big."

"Manuelo know; they hide in these mountain."

"And what will you do with it when you find it?"

"Manuelo throw Carmencita wash-board over cliff—buy fine mantilla—diamond earrings—move in big house."

"Well, good luck to you, Manuelo—but I don't think you'll ever find it."

"Oh yes; Manuelo find."

It was as Borden suspected; two weeks to send away for parts. He rested content in his haven, but it pained him to see Carmencita toiling from morning till night—often far into the night—sewing or making lace by the dim light of a candle, after her washing and ironing was finished.

"And here I sit, filthy with money!" he told himself.

In the evening, Manuelo would return, sometimes on the burro, sometimes on foot. When Carmencita needed the animal to deliver her washing or ironing or sewing, then Manuelo had to walk. Otherwise she let him have it.

"Find anything?" Borden would ask. Manuelo would shake his head.

"Not yet; but I find. Some day."

The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into a month. Borden had sent Drake ahead to Coronado Beach to await him at his cottage there, while his figure took on flesh and his nerves perfect equilibrium from the sweet quiet of the eternal mountains, and Carmencita's excellent fare. He had learned to ride a horse; the cowboy from the ranch-house had taught him, and before long, he felt he was ready once more to lick the world. Often he rode alone in the cool of the

The *Social Scandals* had had more than its share of divorces, separations, and marital infidelities of all kinds. During the course of the afternoon the hostess noticed that her colored maid Anna Mae regaled herself with a rather unusual show of amusement as from time to time in her servings she overheard a choicy bit of gossip. When the guests had gone and the hostess was alone with Anna Mae this is the question that the mistress put to the maid: "Anna Mae, I noticed that you seemed to be somewhat amused this afternoon. Was there any particularly good reason for your 'holiday spirit'?"

"Not particular, Mrs. Mollie, but it did amuse me to hear you white folks talk about your divorces, and all that."

"Amuse you, Anna Mae! And why, if I might ask?"

"Oh, Mrs. Mollie, I was just think'en that you white folks is getting to be jest like us colour'd folks used to be."



evening, along the lonely mountain paths, communing with himself and with the Great Unseen Spirit Who seemed to hold one by the hand here and touch the heart.

And meanwhile Carmencita toiled patiently on, and watched indulgently while Manuelo daily started off on his futile treasure hunt.

"Say! How about me going with you?" asked Borden one day.

"Oh sure! Sure! You help, mebbe?" asked Manuelo.

"Certainly I'll help." But it did not take long for Borden's soft, flabby arms to tire, so he sat and watched on a big stone within the great cave, where Manuelo had worked for nearly a year without any results.

Next day, Borden got on his horse and rode to Quaridge. He did not return until evening—in fact, it was almost dark when he brought his horse back to the little corral. He was sweat-grimed and dust-stained, and he brushed himself off as well as he could before he entered the little house, and hid two empty saddle-bags and a brand-new shovel back in the shadows behind the wood-pile.

Next day he slept late, arose and announced that he would be leaving in a day or two, and then fidgeted about, packing his belongings and watching the winding mountain road which led from the direction Manuelo had taken. Carmencita paid no attention to him, busy as she was with a new batch of soiled clothing to be washed.

Along about three o'clock, Borden noticed a cloud of dust moving along the road; as it

## Snapshots

Dunstan McAndrews, O. S. B.

Sacha Guitry, the French playwright and actor, remarks "the less intelligent people are the more they are scornful, and the less they know about life the more blasé they are."

Booth Tarkington's advice to Kenneth Roberts may be useful to other writers: "Write it, rewrite it, throw it away, write it again, and then rewrite it."

A man who preached his own funeral sermon ahead of time last spring said he was "just too dern busy to die." The saints were just too "dern" busy laying up treasures in Heaven to waste time trying to make the first page of newspapers in that way.

Recently a New York Times editorial, speaking of the state of things in Vienna, said: "We are witnessing at long range nothing less than the long-predicted 'revolt against civilization.'"

A Canadian girl hiked 16 miles to win a 5 cent bet. How much value do those people place on the Mass who are a "little sick" on Sunday when the church is a couple of miles away?

What a human note was struck by the poet who wrote this verse:

*"What a lovely lot of pretty things!"  
Mary turned to thank the kneeling kings.  
And then to Him: "See what they have  
for you:  
Spices and myrrh and silks all gold and  
blue.  
And see this sparkling stone!" He hid  
His head  
Against a little woolly lamb instead.*

a thought struck him. He ran out and grabbed the wash-board.

"No! No! cried his sister. "I must fineesh!" But it had already gone clattering down the mountain-side.

Next morning they both bade Borden a tearful farewell.

"Mind you don't tell anyone about finding that money," he warned them. "Somebody might come and claim it."

"We won't!" they promised with brilliant eyes as he rode down the mountain and out of their lives.

gradually came closer, he perceived that it was Manuelo on the burro, having persuaded the lazy animal to run, by dint of much shouting and clamor and many beatings. By and by Carmencita heard the hubbub too, and came to the edge of the cliff to see what it was all about. Seeing their heads above the rocks, Manuelo began gesticulating and shouting something unintelligible to them.

"He has found something, I think," said Carmencita, drying her red, soapy hands on her faded blue denim apron.

Half an hour later, Carmencita was laughing and crying by turns as Manuelo dumped on the rough plank floor the contents of two gunny sacks—greenbacks and silver coins to the tune of several thousand dollars—a stack two feet high. Manuelo danced with glee.

"See? Didn't I tell you? I find!" he told Borden. Then suddenly

## Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

**T**HE NATIONAL Music Week observed in the early part of May coincided with the Concert given by the Abbey Schola and Choir at Reitz Memorial Auditorium, Evansville, Indiana, on the evening of May 1st. We are indebted to the kind invitation of Father Lambert, O. S. B., Pastor of St. Benedict's, for the opportunity of singing in Evansville.

The program of music was arranged and conducted by Father Rudolph, O. S. B., Director of both the Abbey and Seminary singers. In the concert both sacred and classical numbers were included. Father Rudolph planned the sacred music of the concert to present the life of Christ in song. It was an attempt to acquaint the laity with all types of Church music. Church Music groups itself into three distinct types: Plain Chant, or Gregorian, which was the only Church Music for the first thousand years of the Christian era; Polyphony, which was built upon the Chant and reached its acme in the XVI century; and modern music. All three types were included in the program. The sacred numbers were so arranged in se-

quence as to narrate the life of Christ. Beginning with the Advent liturgy, the Church joyfully anticipates the coming of her Redeemer. During the Christmas period great joy is expressed over the birth of the Christ Child. In the Lenten season the mature Christ enters upon the accomplishment of His bitter, but glorious, mission. The climax is reached during Holy Week. On Easter Sunday Christ arises in judgment, and the joy of the Redeemed breaks forth in the triumphant Alleluia chorus. The spirit of each season was shown by two numbers—the Gregorian Chant of the "Graduale" and the Polyphony. All the Chants were sung by the Monastic Schola of Fathers and Fraters, the same group which sings at the daily Conventual Mass in the Abbey Church. The Chancel Choir of Seminarians sang the Polyphony.

The meaning of the liturgical season and the characteristics of the numbers was explained before each group by Dominic Altieri. Sacred music must be heard during the services in church before its true beauty can be grasped. The religious atmosphere for the concert was

supplied by the stage furnishings of palms and candles as a background for the Abbey Choir in cucullas (the official Choir dress) and the Chancel Choir in cassock and surplice. The setting and music must have given the impression of a religious service for one of the audience was heard to remark: "I felt like genuflecting when I left."

Following a brief intermission the second part of the program offered secular music. The Choir found a rival organization in the "Four Tones." This quartet group has won the popular esteem of our student body. Their melodies are a necessary part of all our musical entertainments during the school year. The "Four Tones" are known singly as William Pank, Julian Pank, Gerald Emrich and Stanislaus Monaski. The large Evansville audience received the quartet numbers with generous applause.

Among our diocesan Clergy there are many devoted to the present Liturgical Movement. In their parishes they labor to arouse the interest and participation in the Feasts and Chant of the Church; the program planned by the saintly Pius X. Father Albert Wicke successfully fostered this spirit in his former parish at Brazil, Indiana. Recently the Bishop assigned him to a new and more extensive field of labor in St. Simon's Parish, Washington, Indiana. May 15th marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood. The festive celebration was used to show the parishioners the appealing beauty of a Mass offered in the musical setting prescribed by the Church. Father Wicke invited the Monastic Schola to sing the entire Mass in Gregorian Chant. A group of students from the Minor Seminary assisted the Fathers in singing the Ninth Mass from the Roman Kyriale. Shortly before eleven o'clock the Monastic Schola filed in procession from the Rectory to the Church. The



## With our boys AT WORK AND PLAY

processional hymn was a spirited "Alleluia" for Paschal time. The vested choir was seated in the sanctuary for the Mass. In his sermon Father Abbot explained the mission and meaning of the Liturgy.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Christ taught His disciples to seek from their good Father in heaven all they needed to nourish the life of both soul and body. The prayer of petition opens to us the rich treasures of God's blessing. Holy Church has designated the three days preceding the Feast of the Ascension as a period of special prayer. In the springtime she earnestly pleads "that God will deign to grant and preserve a harvest of the earth's fruits." Preparatory to the special Mass of the Rogation Days, Mother Church increases the solemnity by chanting the Litany invoking the protection of all the Saints and a procession to Church where the Holy Sacrifice is to be offered. The rites proper to the Rogation Days are faithfully observed each year at the Abbey. On Monday our procession marches to our Lady's Chapel at Monte Cassino. Tuesday morning the ranks circle about the Abbey and Seminary before proceeding to the old Abbey Church at the foot of the hill where our present buildings stand. The last morning our procession follows the route of the previous day, but returns to the Abbey Church for the High Mass. Indeed the setting for the Rogation procession is ideal. As we march past the green fields of the Abbey farm we see the first signs of that promising harvest which the Litany begs God to protect and increase. Father John is the Procurator of the Abbey. This duty burdens him with the responsible care of providing for all our material needs. Each year he is the celebrant of the High Mass on the Rogation Days. As official representative he prays that God generously supply the manifold wants of our large family.

A Priest Forever! The Gospel on Ascension Day records the farewell message of the Saviour to His friends on this earth. Though depriving His newly founded Church of His visible presence, Christ commissioned His Priests to continue the mission of salvation. Truly it was an ideal day to appreciate the efforts of fifty years spent in laboring as a Priest. Ascension Thursday was a day of jubilee for us—the fiftieth anniversary of Fr. Martin's ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

Our Jubilarian's priestly life has been fruitful in varied activities. In the early years after ordination he assumed the duties of professor in the College. Later the Superiors transferred him to a teaching position in the former Jasper Academy at Jasper, Indiana. In later years Father Martin devoted his energies to parish work. During twenty-three years he established and guided the rapid development of the large St. Benedict's Parish in Evansville, Indiana. With vigilant care and tireless energy he has added a well organized and flourishing parish to our Diocese. Two years ago he was recalled to the Abbey, but not to a life of idle leisure. He assumed the responsible role of Spiritual Director in the Major Seminary. By conferences, confessions and private consultation Father Martin is using the valuable experiences of a half century in the Priesthood to direct the spiritual training of our future priests.

The Golden Jubilee celebration opened with a reception in honor of Father Martin. Monastery, Major and Minor Seminary were represented in the College Gymnasium at a program of music and song. The Reverend Bernard Gerdon, Senior Deacon of the Seminary, voiced the sentiments of appreciation and congratulations on behalf of Father's spiritual sons. A generous spiritual offering was presented as testimony of the Seminarians' high regard for

their Spiritual Director. Father Abbot spoke in the name of the Monastic Community. Assuring Father Martin that his confreres appreciated the years of his devoted service to the Monastery, Father Abbot offered a gift of fifty Masses pledged by the Fathers of the Abbey. Fraters and Brothers joined their prayers and good works to the offering of the Holy Masses.

On Ascension Day the Community and officers of the Mass came in procession from the Major Seminary to the Abbey Church for the Jubilee Mass at ten o'clock. Assisting Father Martin was his classmate, Father Vincent, O. S. B., as Archpriest, Father Eberhard, O. S. B. Deacon, Father Gabriel, O. S. B. Subdeacon, Father Cyril, O. S. B. Master of Ceremonies. Father Abbot Columban of St. Joseph's Abbey, Louisiana, delivered the sermon, an explanation of the Priesthood and a tribute to Father Martin's priestly life.

At noon an informal banquet was served in the dining room of the Minor Seminary. Bishop Ritter honored our Jubilarian by attending the dinner. Visiting Clergy, Fathers of the Abbey, relatives and friends from various Sisterhoods, the Sisters Faculty of St. Benedict's School in Evansville, representatives of St. Benedict's Parish, friends and relatives from his home-town of Ferdinand were the guests of Father Martin. At the conclusion of the banquet Bishop Ritter was the first of a group of speakers. He warmly expressed his personal admiration and appreciation of the years that Father Martin had labored for the Diocese of Indianapolis. Judge Veneman, spokesman of St. Benedict's Parish, assured the former Pastor of the sincere gratitude felt by the Parish for the beneficial work accomplished in their midst. Father Martin replied and expressed the emotions that filled his heart on his Golden Jubilee. *Ad multos annos!*

# MORE THAN A CHRISTOPHER

*Gerard Ellspermann, O. S. B.*

OLD CHRIS PARKERS was mentally struck. It almost seemed too good to be true. Yet, come to think about the matter, he had heard something like that before. Sure enough, away back there, when as a scrapping youngster he had gone to the Catholic school, he could have answered without thinking much, "Where is God? Why, don't you know, He's in me. He's everywhere." Easy question to answer; funny they ever asked a boy that one.

Down through the years—seventy-five had skipped by and left him hobbling—the old man hadn't given much thought to that simple answer. But this morning he was moved. What the new Pastor had been telling him set him thinking. Sure a fine priest, thought Chris.

Somehow he just could not forget those words. The more he thought, the more peaceful he became, and the brighter this dark world seemed to be. Before, he had felt pretty much alone, but not now.

The morning Chris and the young priest had met for the first time, the old man said, "I'm Chris, Chris Parkers. Glad to know you, Father." Chris! no siree, not just Chris, but Christopher. From now on he wanted to be called by his full Christian name. Well, now, who wouldn't when he knows what that name means and is proud of the title? Doesn't Christopher mean "Christ Bearer?" That's what the Pastor told him.

But the name wasn't all. It wasn't just the name that made Christopher glad. He Christopher, not only had the name, Christ-Bearer, but he really and truly *was* a Christ-Bearer. Christ, His God, was staying there in his soul, not as a stranger, but as a Guest, a divine Guest!

Chris couldn't get that thought out of his mind. He didn't want to. That wasn't all. He was more than a Christopher—he was a GOD BEARER—in him dwelt not only Jesus, but the Father and the Holy Ghost. It was true. The three Divine Persons lived in him as special

Friend and Protector. This wasn't some "new fangled" idea (the Pastor didn't put it exactly that way), but it was as true as dogma. It *was* dogma. Chris remembered that the Pastor had said that when something was as true as dogma it couldn't be truer.

Again Chris smiled a big smile. Why, he even remembered some of the explanation given by the priest. He went over that explanation now. The answer was simple. "Everybody in the state of grace has God within him." That was the simple truth, founded on the words of the Bible.

What the Bible said was this. God will not stay in a man who is a slave to sin. But he or she who has charity, that's love, or sanctifying grace, is loved very much by God. Christ had said that He and the Father would come to such a one and make their home with him or her. And as for the Holy Ghost it was said in plain words, "Know you not, that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

This consoling truth has been more or less forgotten, is seldom talked about, less seldom taught. Why? Chris couldn't figure it out. Why to think of God, to know that He was in him, to speak to Him seemed to transform his whole life! How few realize this Presence of God in them. Perhaps some do not know the truth. Chris felt like shouting to all he met, "Say, do you know you're more than a Christopher? You're a God Bearer!"

Yes sir, he was glad of what he had blurted out this morning to the Pastor when the great truth had become plain to him.

"Young man, (saving your Reverence), if what you tell me is true, and it is, then why—" Christopher's voice cracked for a moment—"then why haven't we been told about this sooner? Tell them all, at every chance you get what you told me. We're all Christophers—and more we're God Bearers."



# MONUMENTS AND WREATHS

*Eugene Spiess, O. S. B.*

THERE is scarcely a town or even a hamlet in our country where one cannot find a monument, at times of very artistic design, commemorating the deeds of famous men, great in past history. In Europe, especially in the larger cities, you find monuments of this kind wherever you go, dating from the days of Alexander the Great and the Caesars down to the Napoleons and the more recent great rulers of nations. You find monuments dedicated to famous conquerors, to famous discoverers and inventors, monuments of artists and men famous in literature.

As you stand before such a monument you cannot help thinking of the man as history depicts him. His character, his deeds, nay his very person rises before you in thought. Unwittingly, if you be a man or woman of faith, the thought is apt to come to you—I wonder where his soul is?

Yet, you cannot help making the following reflection, and this reflection is not uncharitable; it may even serve as a great lesson to you. You say to yourself: "If this man did not labor for God, if he only labored for his own vanities, if he in his pride considered himself a sort of god, hurt in his inmost sensibilities when shown no honor, if he steeped his soul in a life full of mortal sin, if he spurned our Divine Savior's caution 'unless you become like a child you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,' if, before he died, he did not at least utter a cry for mercy, then I know that this man is buried in hell."

Paramount to man's perfection, therefore, is not what the world thinks of one and the honors she bestows upon one, but solely that man labor in this world in accord with his end and destiny for which he was created. That he faithfully serve Him who molded man as it were, with His own hands, and like a fruit-tree placed him in the garden, His own Church, there to bear fruit. If man does not comply with this work assigned to him as his daily labor and life's work, then, regardless of the greatness of his

deeds in this world, he remains a useless creature kept and preserved for the day of wrath.

If, on the other hand, there be somewhere in this world, living in a wretched old hut, a forlorn and forgotten old widowed mother, who with her beads in her hands is entirely resigned in God, if an innocent maid, in the innocence of her heart, labor in an open field or busy herself with the cattle in a stable, knowing nothing of this world except to love Jesus the Crucified One; if hidden away behind the walls of a cloister there be a humble Nun who has separated herself from all things worldly and now sanctifies each and every step by holy obedience; if there be a mother or father whose sole life's ambition was the correct training and bringing up of their children, if the mother was wont to guide the tiny hand of her babe, as she taught her child to make the sign of the cross, if such a mother or father can say, "We had very little of the things and joys of this world, our lives were spent for our children to lead them to God and their eternal happiness," then indeed, the world builds no monuments for such as these poor little ones, but their names and deeds are recorded in the book of life. Unknown to the world they are known to God, as the Apostle puts it. In the eyes of the world they are little, not even fit to be noticed, but they are great in the eyes of God. Unknown to men, but well known to God such simple holy souls often hold the fate of the world, and the great ones, in their hands, and with their virtuous and holy lives and prayers they influence the doings and happenings in this world more than renowned men of the past have ever done, because prayers and virtues of holy souls expiate the sins and crimes of a sinful world and check the anger of God.

The Paramount issue then, is not to perform big and mighty things, but it is to fill out the little corner into which Divine Providence placed him with the fragrance of the virtues that pertain to his or her state of life. That alone is the issue. Monuments and wreaths have no bearing whatsoever on the issue itself.

## Open Forum

*This Month*

*Ward Clarke*

*Peregrinus*

### LET'S KEEP AFTER THEM

Dear Fellow Readers:

There is a growing feeling, amounting almost to paralytic disinterest, on the part of American Catholics to ignore the misrepresentations about Catholicism which appear in the daily press and periodicals of our country. This tendency is evoked by the thought that it is idle to attempt to answer all the falsities of the printed word.

Now this is a dangerous trait which may result in great harm to the Faith, if not immediately, at least in days to come. For the enemies of the Faith have a long range policy which banks heavily on the future.

With respect to this problem, Mr. Belloc recently gave a profound answer. When questioned as to why he bothered to answer someone who had misconstrued a Canon of the Council of Arles, he replied, "It is always an excellent thing to mark the enemies of the Faith, to expose their weakness, to pursue them and run them down."

Such an attitude will in time serve to deter the malicious representations now made against the Church, and will also have the effect of instilling care into the work of those who write in ignorance. For a constant attack against untruth will sooner or later show its proponents in their true light.

There is, however, an even more important reason for answering canards and falsifications. This lies in the need for the protection of that future time when the written records of today will be the sources from

which posterity will elevate our civilization and beliefs.

Thus for example, the historicity of the Gospels has been maintained against all attacks because Catholic scholars have been able to smash the legend theory by proving that the Gospels were contemporary representations of recent facts, and because the authors were put to the test by their own generation. Hence, it is valid to believe that succeeding generations will measure our own historical records with the same yard stick. And if they discover statement after statement made about the Church undisputed and undenied, who knows but that an entirely false picture of Catholicism in the United States of today will be held before the eyes of our descendants?

Thus, we must fight written word with written words, so that sources of at least equal weight can be considered by historians of the future. We must not allow legend and falsehood to take the place of truth. For as Harnack, the liberal theologian says, "Legend is in many respects the worst and never resting enemy of history. It surrounds and encircles elementary events as well as mighty deeds, facts no less than persons."

Now if truth, as in the case of the Gospels, was put to the test immediately by the contemporaries of the Evangelists, there is no reason why falsehood and misrepresentation

should not be put to the test immediately in our own generation. For only by such action can we prevent legends and illusions from creeping into the general knowledge of our fellow countrymen.

This then is a plea that Catholics take active steps to resent by all legitimate means at their disposal the untruths of our various means of communication, such as moving pictures, radio, magazines, newspapers and speeches. Hearsay and vilification met ready answers from staunch Catholics in the past, and there is no reason why they should not be stamped out as effectively today.

The only seemingly valid excuse for not replying to all the vicious charges made against the Faith today rests in the fact that there are so many that it is almost impossible to keep track of them. The excuse is not really valid, for although the charges have been multiplied and disseminated on a wider scale than ever before, the number of Catholics able to answer them has increased in even greater proportion. The only thing lacking to complete success is the seal which marked the stalwart-stand made by our forbears in the fight against untruth. It is sincerely to be hoped that such a primary need of the true Catholic is not dying away in the dreary desert of disinterest.

Ward Clarke.

New York City

## GIVE *and* TAKE



## ST. THOMAS AND THE NAZIS

Due to the nasty and at times inhuman tactics of the Nazis we have changed some of the names in our letter lest it, falling into unsympathetic hands, be the source of unpleasantness to the writer or his friends.

There was one very hot topic which was discussed here every time two or more students got together during the past months, and that was the unbloody conquest of Austria by Germany and the subsequent annexation of the former to the German Reich making what is now known as Greater Germany. But concerning this topic I could not write anything from St. Thomas because these crack-brained Nazis censor all our mail, incoming as well as outgoing, and if they find any thing which they don't like they are liable to make things very unpleasant for us. I am spending the Easter vacation here in this little village in Switzerland far enough away to be out of the tyrannical power of the Berlin regime. And I, an unknown person, am writing from an unknown village in the Swiss Alps.

This being settled, we will now proceed to something which is ad rem: as for the events which took place during the revolution or whatever one may wish to call it I am sure you are well informed, so I will merely review them hurriedly from our point of view. On Friday night, March 11, (ni fallor) at about eight o'clock we received the news that Chancellor Schuschnigg had resigned as the result of an ultimatum from the Berlin regime. About twenty minutes later we received further news that the German troops were entering Austria despite the fact that the demands of Hitler had been complied with. Naturally this threw the whole house into confusion, the students, not the superiors. Until an hour after our regular hour for retiring the halls were filled with blackrobed excited human beings discussing the disaster. The next morning we awoke to find that we were no longer in Austria but in Germany. During the following weeks the Nazis proceeded to establish themselves firmly in

power and to eradicate the last vestiges of the old Dundes-regime of Dolfuss and Schuschnigg. On April the tenth the majority of Austrians answered "yes" to the question "Are you a good German?" because they were forced to it by the diabolical propaganda of the Nazi party and by an even more direct coercion; because every Austrian knew that if it ever became known that he voted "no", life for him and his family would be very unpleasant. And since the majority of the people said "yes" in answer to this question the Nazi regime took the liberty of publishing in their newspapers that 99.75% of the Austrian people had voiced their approval of the Nazi Regime and had submitted themselves to its jurisdiction.

The effect of all this on the student body was more or less this: There was a general feeling of sympathy for the poor Austrian people who were now to suffer for their imprudence, because they brought this disaster upon their leaders who wished to avert it. There was also a general feeling of resentment to these brown-shirted fanatics who are now certainly going to extend their persecution of the Church to Austria. Some of the students were unduly alarmed over the affair and were speaking with conviction of the immediate danger of another war and were avowing that they would not be back next year even if there were no war. Others were furious with the Nazis and declared that it was high time for the world to again jump on Germany and do a better job of subjugating her than was done in the last war. Others again, being of a more adventuresome nature found the whole thing most interesting and were rather pleased that they had the opportunity of living thru it. There was still another group who attempted to foster a more optimistic spirit among the students. They tried to explain away the danger of war. They further declared themselves ready to stick on as long as it was possible to do so with safety. During the first week or so the pessimistic group seemed to be in the majority, and their numbers increased by the fact that the Nazis came three times to search the Semi-

nary—twice for firearms of which they found none and once for a noblewoman who was supposed to be in hiding there and in possession of some very important documents which the Nazis wanted. Of course she was not there and after five hours of searching, Father Regens, who had been locked in the porter's office during the whole time along with another of the Fathers, proposed to the Nazis that they call up this lady on the telephone and see if she might be at her home. When they did this and learned that she had been at home during the whole time of the search they had to admit that further search was unnecessary and they departed with apologies which by no means made amends for their insolence. It was clearly evident that what they were looking for was not a noblewoman hiding in the Seminary, but other things of an entirely different nature. Since then, however, we have not been disturbed by these rascals and everything has been rather peaceful and a healthy optimism is more or less predominant. I think that most of the students are willing to stay.

There was one other nasty trick that the Nazis pulled: they imprisoned a theologian for three weeks because he wrote a letter home in which he expressed himself rather freely concerning these thugs and their actions. During these weeks of confinement he had to pay his own board which amounted to four Marks per day. He was not an Austrian citizen either, but a subject of Czechoslovakia.

There remains only to state the attitude of the Superiors of the Seminary and that can well be done in two words: clever silence. They are expressing no opinions whatsoever about the change but we all know what they think of it. They are busying themselves with keeping the house free from any collision with the hostile authorities and have exhorted us time and again to put up with any unpleasantness which may arise, to be very careful about what we say and write, and how we conduct ourselves. They have also urged us to comply with any reasonable demands made by the Authorities.

*Peregrinus.*

# CRASHING THE GATES

at

## ST. PETER'S

*Americanus*

**L**AST EASTER SUNDAY was the greatest day I have spent in Rome so far. For months we had all been attempting to get good tickets for the canonization. (It takes a ticket to get into St. Peter's for a big function.) When on Good Friday we were given Portico tickets, which entitle you to enter the vestibule of the basilica and no further, the whole college was up in arms. Americans never seem to rate good tickets, but this was the all-time low. Everybody began to plan his own campaign. We were told that there was not a good ticket left in all Rome. Well, there wasn't, if you did not know where to ask. Did we? By the evening of Holy Thursday there was not a man in the house who did not have at least an entrance ticket, and most of us had specials. I don't know how it all came about. It was little short of miraculous. Perhaps from my own history you can get an idea of how it is done.

From the provincial general of the Passionists (I came over with him on the boat) I obtained a fairly good ticket for a seat in the transept. With that in my pocket as a sort of security, I set out bright and early in the morning to view the prospects. I carried a surplice along because I had hopes of "crashing the procession"—the object of every American student's wildest dreams. Along with me came three other Americans, who had actually procured tickets for the procession. They were to go inside, and then one was to come out again with two of the tickets and get me in. The plan worked to perfection. We brought others in by the same system.

I found myself well in the heart of the Vatican Palace, watching the great papal procession in the process of assembling. There were over a thousand clerics lining up. Only about seventy-five would be lucky enough to capture seats; the others would be forced to leave the basilica before services began. The idea,

therefore, was to get at the end of the line. After much milling around we discovered that there were eighteen of us Americans who had managed to enter the palace. We all got together and approached an American Monsignor who is a canon of St. Mary Major and a good friend of the college. The monsignor was all for us. He made us an official American representation as assistants to the canons of Mary Major. That meant we were almost at the end of the line. When the procession finally got under way I found myself holding a candle and walking very piously behind the Mary Major's choir. Behind was the Lateran College (the Pope's own seminary, which always rates the best places.) Behind them were the bishops, and after them, the cardinals.

The greatest thrill of my life came as we rounded a corner of the loggia and entered the front door of St. Peter's. I have often described sights before that I called breath-taking. A mere figure of speech! This was reality. The great basilica was aflame with myriads of sparkling, crystal chandeliers, especially hung for the occasion. Some seventy-five thousand people, all dressed in their Easter finery, were packed in the center nave. Directly in front of us was the long, broad center aisle, lined on both sides with the Swiss and noble guards in all their regal trappings. The papal altar appeared to be miles away. For the first time I fully appreciated the stupendous size of the greatest church on earth. It was grand. I can say no more. When the choir in front of me bellowed forth, as only Italians know how, my head began to whirl. The lights above became so many shooting stars. And I was crazy with joy, and elation, and I don't know what. Perhaps the greatest delight of all was the thought that for once the Americans had managed to "crash the procession." Maybe we didn't appreciate the



gasps of astonishment and the waving of hands that came from the other Americans as they recognized us!

When we got up to the papal altar we made a dash for the seats around the confessional (a semi-circular aperture in front of the papal altar which looks down upon the altar of the tomb of St. Peter.) Here, neatly ensconced, we were all set for whatever was to happen. Choicer seats are not to be had.

The procession began at 8:15; we left the basilica at 1:30. The whole morning passed so quickly that I did not even remember to get hungry around noon. I can't possibly tell you all that happened. The Holy Father passed right in front of me, so close that I could have reached out and touched his foot. He appeared to be in excellent health. He was very thin. But his face was strong, and his eyes were full of life. When you see that powerful little man under the mighty tiara you feel plenty proud of being a Catholic. You can laugh at Communists, and scorn all Hitlers for thinking that they can ever overthrow the pope. He has been coming in with all the pomp and glory, in the same fashion, for centuries upon centuries. And he will keep on doing so long after communism, and all the other "isms" are relegated to the encyclopedias. There's a power behind the pope that is no mere creation of man. Anybody can sense that power—even an atheist—on such occasions as that of Easter Sunday.

To give you an idea of what I saw during those five hours of Easter morning, I shall pound out a few of the things that pop into my head, without any attempt at chronological order.

Certainly, the biggest thrill was the actual "ex cathedra" pronouncement, whereby the pope in the full power of his infallibility "declares and defines" that the saints, (Andrew Bobola, John Leonardi, Salvator da Horta) about to be raised to the altar, are really in heaven. The pope's voice was amplified so that all might hear. For an old man his voice is certainly clear; and most remarkable, when he sings he hits the exact notes.

The pope did not say the Mass. Instead Cardinal Bel Monte (who is several years older than the pope and who doesn't sing near so well) was delegated. At the consecration the Swiss and all other guards clanked out a salute and stood at attention while silver trumpets blasted forth from the dome above. The tones which issue from those trumpets and reverberate in the dome are positively heavenly.

All responses throughout the Mass are made by the people. There was also some group singing. Ten thousand Poles, who came down to honor Andrew Bobola, the Polish martyr, sang some of their national hymns. There was another group, also about ten thousand, of Italian Catholic Action girls. They sang beautifully in unison. All dressed in white and with veils, they made a gorgeous picture. When nobody else was singing the Sistine choir filled up time. Director Perosi composed an entirely new Mass for the occasion.

Very few listeners were pleased. Perosi's latest music is entirely too modern.

At the Offertory gifts are presented to the Holy Father. Ten cages, each with a pair of turtle-doves, ten mammoth paschal candles, ten small casks of wine, and ten loaves of bread on golden platters were carried up to the papal throne by attendants dressed in ancient court costumes. It was some regal sight. The doves failed to appreciate the solemnity of the affair, made many loud protests; but everything else went off smoothly.

All during the Mass a Swiss guard was standing at my elbow. I passed the time away asking him questions. The armor he was wearing was the original metal of the first guards, pounded out back in the fourteenth century. Imagine that. Still in use after all the years of service! Just one more proof of the papal stability. That suit of armor was already two hundred years old when the protestants had their first visions of pulling down the pope. From the looks of things, that armor will hold together for another five hundred years. Where will the protestants be then?

For some people—mostly the Poles, who were dressed too warmly—the five hours were too much. I was situated just behind the passage always left clear for those who must be rushed to the red cross room (there are nurses on duty for every big function.) In all, some seventy or eighty people must have been carried out.

Among the queer sights seen: a nun trying to climb up on top of a confessional box to get a better view; a cleric being slapped on the back and pushed out of the basilica by a powerful Swiss guard—he had been attempting to climb over a barrier into a better section (I was kicked out myself one time last year. When you are booted out of St. Peter's you haven't the satisfaction of repeating the old words of wisdom: "Oh well, I've been kicked out of lots better dumps than this."); an American student bold enough to kneel on the papal altar steps during the Mass; and another actually lighting the candles of the papal altar before Mass. (How he muscled into the job still remains a mystery.)

After the Mass the pope gave the *Urbis et Orbis* blessing from the balcony above the entrance of St. Peters. For this I was on top of the colonades. I got a good view of the Pope and also of the crowd below. There must have been over two hundred thousand people in front of the basilica. The crowd extended back almost to the Tiber, some five or six blocks.

In the evening at eight o'clock St. Peters was illuminated. The most gorgeous fire-works display can not equal that performance. At the stroke of eight, men pour out of the great dome and begin the precarious task of lighting the thousands of torches that are systematically placed beforehand. They literally slide down the dome and façade, for in less than one minute the whole church is one mass of fire. Their feat is supposed to be one of the greatest stunts of daredevilry on record.

# Let's Browse around



**A** NATIONAL survey conducted by a well-known publication recently revealed that Germany is today the most discussed and the most unpopular country in the world. In justice to the German people, the statement should be amended to say that it is the Nazi form of government rather than the country that is so unpopular, for all Germans are not Nazis though they may be forced to accept Der Fuehrer and his policies.

We speak glibly of the dictatorships and the ominous shadows they are casting over Europe. But do we really understand these new systems of government and their dangers to Christianity? Paul Claudel says, "For the Christian all earthly forms of government are something of a compromise." C. J. Eustace in *Catholicism, Communism, and Dictatorship* declares the new ideologies to be simply man's attempt to build his broken world into an organic whole by force. "Totalitarianism has been born out of man's need to return to some form of spiritual unity." The sad part of it is that "when a culture has lost its spiritual unity, the very men who are placed in positions of authority themselves have no principle of authority to guide them." Mr. Eustace's book is a short study of the problems confronting the Catholic Church under the new forms of government. He gathered his material during a four-year Catholic laymen study course conducted by Rev. J. A. Keating, S. J. His outlines are excellent in

their compactness, clarity, and thoroughness. Just a study of these outlines gives a definite knowledge of Totalitarianism, its general spheres of activity, and its well-known forms, Communism, Nazism, and Fascism. Supplemented with the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI and the most recent works of Jacques Maritain, this essay offers an interesting course on the most absorbing of world problems.

**A** RESULT of dictatorship is evidenced in the ruthlessness with which the subjection of Austria is being conducted. In the light of events and most recent reports, *My Austria* by the imprisoned former-Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg becomes a sad and tragic recital. It was written in the late summer of 1937 while Austria had hopes of survival and the question of Hitler seemed more remote. The purpose of the book was to defeat any possible reaction which Hitler's explosive diatribe of hate, *Mein Kampf*, might have upon Austrians and to remind them of the influence they wielded among the mixed nationalities of the Danube basin.

In a quiet and statesmanlike style, Schuschnigg, describes the three Austrias: First that of the Hapsburgs, which ceased with the World War; democratic Austria, which lasted until 1933 and was destroyed by internal strife. The Third Austria was headed by the Catholic leader, Dolfuss, and after his assassination, by Schuschnigg until its recent absorption by the Third Reich.

Back of its history and brief biographical sketches, the book pictures a man ardently loyal to his Faith and country, a man whose ideas are firmly imbedded in the culture and traditions of the past, still confident national security could be maintained. He was certain that a country that had "survived the Thirty Years War, the disorders of the eighteenth century, and the Napoleonic period, the destructive decades before the World War, and though wounded to death, yet still alive, and even survived that," could also survive the threat of Nazism.

The death of Dolfuss, to whom he was so faithful a friend, is dramatically retold. He is generously kind to his bitterest enemies and gives no inkling of his real thought concerning his adversary nor of his later meeting with Hitler at Berchtesgaden. Dorothy Thompson in her very clever introduction supplies some of his omissions, pays a fine tribute to his courage, and brings the book up to date. Daily the press adds to the story of Kurt Schuschnigg while sympathetic readers of *My Austria* follow his destiny with hope and prayer.

The beginning of a new religious foundation is never easy. The life story of its founder is usually one of courageous effort and countless trials and sufferings overcome through prayer, faith, and zeal. The life of Father Francis Mary of the Cross Jordan, Founder and first Superior General of the Society of the Divine Savior, offers no excep-

tion to the rule. Impelled with the idea of spreading the Gospel through teaching, writing, and missionary effort, he founded the Apostolic Teaching Society in 1880. Despite tremendous difficulties and considerable opposition, the Congregation grew and spread over Europe, Asia, North and South America. The first North American foundation was made at Uniontown, Washington, in 1892. In 1894, Father Jordan found it necessary to change the name of the Society to its present title, The Society of the Divine Savior. The first Papal Approbation was granted in 1905. Attacks from the press and embittered opponents, did not lighten the burden of the now aging founder. Supported by his unflinching trust in God and Christian resignation, he realized his greatest joy when in 1911 the Holy See gave its final Approbation to the Society. One-half year later the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Savior, also founded by Father Jordan received its first Papal Approbation. Deeply devoted to Our Blessed Mother, and ever zealous in fostering her devotion, he was called to his reward on the Feast of Her Nativity. His successor, Fr. Pancratius Pfeiffer is the author of this book and has dedicated it to its spiritual sons and daughters, but it will interest all who know the Society and will inspire everyone through the example of a great soul who "in the midst of the most varied disorders" never missed the purpose of his own life.

**L**IGHT of Other Days by Elizabeth Corbett is light summer reading with characters that are worth the knowing. Miss Corbett takes us back to the little midwestern town of Mount Royal, made famous by her *Langworthy Family*. This time it is the Reilley family that adds to the little town's fame. Here Terence and Mary Reilley came in 1846, settled, and raised their family. Their home was a haven of hospitality for all newcomers from Ireland, its mistress the friend of the young Pioneer women. Their children became typical Americans and their grandchildren knew little of the traditions and customs that were so dear to the old people. Something is lost in

the third generation. Monica, Sadie, and Claire lack the stamina, the fine sense of values and the balance that made Terence, his wife, their son Rufus, and that grand character, Dr. Kate, so lovable, so human, and so interesting.

It is a clean and wholesome story dealing wholly with the reactions of the older members of the family upon the younger ones. As Catholics the junior Reilleys certainly appear lax and indifferent, quite unusual in a class of people who despite their faults usually cling to their Faith.

**S**O MUCH cheap and shoddy stuff is poured into the ears of the public each day by way of the radio, that a bit of really fine humor is like a morsel of good food after being on a diet of hard tack. There is satisfying humor touched with quaintness and gentle irony in James Barrie's reminiscences, *The Greenwood Hat*. To London the raw Scotch lad went at the age of twenty-five to make his place in the literary world. The "Hat" he wore to properly impress the great editor, Greenwood, but finally discarded it with his first literary name "Anon," when the struggling writer had reached success. After forty years as one of the world's best loved playwrights, Barrie resurrected the old hat and from out its depths brought some of the early manuscripts that gave staid London many a chuckle. He traces his youthful career with charm and reserve. The Ghosts of Davy Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Emma Hart, Charles Lamb, are seen from memory's page, for Barrie knew them all.

The book was originally written just for Barrie's friends, but after his death it was revived and fortunately for us, reprinted for the world.

**P**EACE by Rev. F. X. Lasance is a beautiful little volume bound in green suede and lettered in gold. It gives reflections on Christian peace: with God through conformity to His Will; with men, through justice and charity; with ourselves by subordination and with inferior creatures by making them subservient to our last end. It is filled with consoling thoughts and beautiful prayers.

Many people find it difficult to

meditate. How to make a good meditation is carefully explained in a little volume written by Rev. Peter Wachter, O. S. B. entitled *At the Fountain of Living Waters*. It presents the four forms of prayer and simple manner of meditation for each one.

**V**ACATION sports call the young folks and they should enjoy the great outdoors, but the book-lover will still turn to a good story after his strenuous pleasures.

Lads and lassies fond of mystery, thrill and adventure, will find two books on our July shelf that fill the bill. *Blood on the Mountain* is as scary and adventurous as its title, but it is also an educational travelogue. Rev. Richard A. Welfle, S. J., the author, a missionary in India, studied the people, their strange customs, and made personal trips to many of the weird and picturesque places that are found in this strange land. He loves nature and pictures it so graphically that his descriptions are breathtaking, but even while he has you reveling in some scene of rare beauty, he whisks you away to another episode of excitement with two fine chaps, Ronald and James. The former is from England, the latter, an American.

The one-eyed Hindu, the old deserted monastery, a ruby as big as an egg, stolen from a Tibetan Buddha, Father O'Brien, a "swell guy" and a fatherly pal, and two swift ponies—what an afternoon you can have lying in a cool shady spot with *Blood on the Mountain*!

You can come back the next day and have equally as good a time reading Frances Y. Young's *The Secret of the Book-Shop*.

Gene and Gerry are facing a long quiet vacation. Along comes Miss Dorothy, their mother's friend and invites them to help her with her book-shop. Apparently it is just a quiet, modernistic little shop. But don't be deceived, there is nothing quiet about it; it harbors a ghost, secret passages, hidden treasures and a lovely little romance. With Booker, their dog, Gene and Gerry solve the secret of the shop, help Miss Dorothy establish a real Catholic youth center and have one exciting, busy summer.

## July Book Shelf

*Catholicism, Communism and Dictatorship*, by C. J. Eustace, Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.50.

*My Austria*, by Kurt Schuschnigg, Knopf, Price \$3.00.

*The Life of Father Francis Jordan*, by P. Pancratius Pfeiffer, Society of Divine Savior.

*Light of Other Days*, by Elizabeth Corbett, D. Appleton Century Co., Price \$2.50.

*The Greenwood Hat*, by James M. Barrie, Scribners, Price \$2.75.

*Peace*, by Rev. F. X. Lasance, Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.00.

*At the Fountains of Living Waters*, by Rev. Peter Wachter, O. S. B., Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.25.

*Blood on the Mountain*, by Rev. Richard A. Welfle, S. J., Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.25.

*The Secret of the Book-shop*, by Frances Y. Young, Catholic Library Service, St. Paul, Minn., Price \$1.00.

*Miraculous Medal Prayer Manual* with Novena Devotions, Benziger Brothers, \$ .20.

*A Way of the Cross for Sisters*, by Rev. Eugene J. Crawford, M. A., Benziger Brothers, Price \$ .20.

## Pamphlets

Thorning, *A Primer of Social Justice*, Paulist Press, 10¢

Loeffler, *Directives for Catholic Action*, Central Bureau Press, 20¢

Moody, *Why are Jews Persecuted*, Queen's Work, 10¢.

Lord, *The Pope in the World Today*, Queen's Work, 10¢

Lord, *The Invincible Standard*, Queen's Work, 10¢.

# "Did You Hear?"

William A. Lautner

"TOP o' the morning to you, Alice. And congratulations!" It was Mother Fehn greeting petite Alice Fragan as she passed on her way to work.

"Oh, good morning, Mother Fehn; I didn't see you, hid there in your flower bed. But why the congratulations?"

"Why the congratulations! Why my dear girl, I heard your Banns proclaimed at Mass yesterday," answered the enthusiastic 'little old lady'.

"Why Mother Fehn! If I didn't think so much of you I'd feel mightily offended. The proclamation of the Banns is nothing to be congratulated on; it's a horrible practice and I hate it. It makes one feel like a criminal: you know, like having one's picture hung in the postoffice and other public buildings, just as they do common criminals. Besides, it's just a silly old custom anyway that should have passed out with bustles. People like to slip off and 'middle-aisle' it in secret these days."

"Oh, my dear little girl, but there is no need to cloak a truly christian marriage with secrecy. Really tho, I didn't know you felt that way about it," added the kindly old lady, "or I wouldn't have mentioned it."

"I know you wouldn't, Mother Fehn, and I'm not angry with you either." And with a sweet kiss on Mother Fehn's forehead Alice was off.

"Just a minute, Alice," came the maternal voice from the flower garden, as Mother Fehn made for the walk.

"Yes?" from Alice.

"I suppose it is none of my business. Just a 'sentimental old fool' sticking her nose in other people's business, I guess, but if you have a minute's time I would like to make a remark or two."

"Go right ahead, Mother Fehn. I'm terribly sorry if I was rude."

"Thank you, Alice. It is about this Banns business;—if you don't mind?" Alice nodded her consent.

"Well, girlie, if you will take it from an old woman, let me caution you not to be too severe in your criticism of the Church for ordering the Banns to be proclaimed. Of course you are fortunate: John is a fine young man, as fine a young man, in fact, as ever met a sweet and lovely girl; but they aren't all that way. Nor are all the girls as sweet and as kind and good as you. But sometimes the other party is unaware of this fact. So you see the Church is really doing a mighty fine service in her effort to protect the innocent from a union that would later be regretted. However, there is a much more beautiful angle from which to view this whole matter, and it is for that reason that I congratulate you.

"You know, Alice, whenever the Banns are published it always makes me feel good, for then I know that two more young people have found one of the finest and loveliest things in all this drab old world of ours, and what is more, that this love of theirs is going to be blessed and consecrated at the Altar of God through the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony. Then, too, I know that two more people are entering a Catholic marriage, one that will not be mixed as to religion. And as a sort of secondary purpose of the Banns, I always like to look upon the proclamation as a solemn invitation for all the parish to pray for the happiness and success of the young couple about to take upon themselves the weighty burdens of married life.

"Yes, Alice, the proclamation of the Banns means much to me. And it does to the Church too; that's the reason it is surrounded by such solemn ceremonies. But here, I mustn't keep you longer. You have to be getting along to work."

"Not to work this morning, Mother Fehn. Shopping Marriage is a big job all by itself and needs preparing for," and then coming closer to Mother Fehn and kissing her again on the forehead, but this time not without a tear in her eye, Alice added, "and thanks a million for the 'congratulations', Mother Fehn."



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